WHY SEX SHOULD BE ON THE SCREEN

MOVIE WEEKLY

FEB · 17TH, 1923

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MOVIE·WEEKLY

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This Way Out

For all persons who do not acknowledge the motion-picture screen as the greatest agency in the world today for providing the best all-round entertainment to the members of the human family.

And for a reasonable, rational enjoyment of this entertainment, Movie Weekly offers its readers a magic key. Between the brown covers so familiar to every movie fan, can be found the reading and pictorial delight that makes Movie Weekly a joy in itself, besides imparting additional interest to the screen plays themselves.

Just in this connection, we offer you a peek at next week's contents—the best collection of news stories, interviews and special articles that we have yet assembled, and a real delight from cover to cover. There will be:

"Can a Woman Love Two Men at the Same Time and Can a Man Love Two Women?" in which two prominent screen stars give their views on the subject. Another special feature article will be "Let the Managers Sign Morality Contracts FIRST, Say Screen Folk," wherein the controversy between Equity and the Producer is thoroughly aired.

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Other Features

Will be "The Movies Yearn for Homely Girls," an interview with the president of a large producing company in which he predicts that the plain girl will soon come into her own on the silver sheet.

Still another article of interest to the live-wire fan will be "At What Age Should a Screen Star Marry—If Any?" while interviews with the popular screen favorites on timely and interesting subjects will also be included, as well as good fictionizations of the latest photoplays.

Madge Bellamy will contribute another article on "The Screen as a Career for a Girl," and an article of unusual interest will be one on the much abused motion picture "type," which disproves the contention that only certain kinds of attractiveness are popular on the screen.

This Week's Cover

Is a novelty in Movie Weekly art. It presents two persons, instead of one, in a scene which we think is unusually beautiful. The persons on the cover are Kenneth Harlan and Miriam Cooper, and the picture they appear in is called "The Girl Who Came Back."

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Should Sex be On the Screen?

As related to Gladys Hall by **Daniel Carson Goodman**

Noted director of films *explains* why taboo subject of *sex* is *essential* to the realistic *portrayal* of *life*

A powerful scene from *"Has the World Gone Mad?"* a recent picture directed by *Mr. Goodman.*

***Daniel Carson Goodman,* who has been described as the "one man in the film business who gets at the heart and soul of woman."**

SHOULD sex be on the screen?"

"YES!" said Daniel Carson Goodman.

He ought to know. For besides being a writer, a lecturer, a psychologist and a producer of pictures made from his own screen stories, Daniel Carson Goodman is also a doctor of medicine. He has treated sex from the angle of pathology as well as the angle of psychology. He has seen sex in the consulting room as often as through the camera lens.

As an author, his most notable book was "Hagar Revelly," which created so much controversy of the customary pro and con variety a few years ago. In "Hagar" he dealt with a problem of sex devoid of all glitter and glamor, ugly, uncompromising and real.

"After reading 'Hagar,'" said her author to us, "I should not think any girl would care to 'go wrong.'"

As a producer of pictures for Equity he has done "What's Wrong With the Women?" and is now working on "Has the World Gone Mad?"

Hence, when we wanted to know in so many words and with the voice of authority whether or no sex should be on the screen, we selected Dr. Goodman as that Voice.

He told us: "Yes,"—but he went further than that.

He said: "Sex couldn't *help* but be on the screen.

"It is not a matter of Should or of Should Not.

"Sex is everywhere.

"The world is founded on sex.

"Sex produces mankind.

"Take away sex, remove sex-impulse, and humanity will dwindle from the face of the earth, and with man all other living matter.

"Sex is the veritable germ of life. It is the motivating impulse back of every sentient thing.

"Why exclude the screen? How could you, even if you would?

"Besides, sex is the most interesting thing in life. It IS life.

"Normal sex is the healthiest thing in life. It is embryo. It is growth, it is conception.

"Romantically, sex is the pursuit of youth after youth. It is the protection of virginity. It is the worship of beauty.

"And at its highest and most valuable, *sex is motherhood.*

"If you can take away romance from the screen, if you can erase the love of lover for sweetheart, mother for child, father for son, if you can eliminate all of the human relationships and inter-relationships, then you can also eliminate sex—not otherwise.

"There is no escaping it. It is, really, a question that is self-answered. That is, it is answered before it is asked if one stops to think about it.

"It is not sex that is the trouble. *The trouble lies in the minds of the people.* 'Evil to him who evil thinks,' is never so true as when it applies to the overdone, exaggerated, hysterical 'sex-problem.' The average person seems to regard sex as purely a physical matter or else as an illicit intrigue. It seems to mean to them either the bedroom or the brothel. And so they think it immodest or immoral and in any case unmentionable.

"Sex is not wholly a physical matter.

"An illustration from the screen best proves that: Take comedies, particularly the pie-throwing, contortionist comedies—these are the only pictures made that are literally *physical,* and they are also the only pictures made in which there is *no sex.*"

"Good point," we said. "But what about mystery stories?"

"Mystery stories are based on sex," said Dr. Goodman. "There is always the life or the death, the fortune or the honor of some mysteriously beautiful woman at stake. She is always beautiful or she is always mysterious, because beauty and mystery augur sex-attraction, without which men do not do and dare!

"Even the historical romances, which might be casually classified as without sex interest, are centered about the virginity and subsequent capitulation of some fair maid.

"Kingdoms are made and unmade by the women behind the thrones.

"It isn't a question of whether I believe or do

(*Continued on page* 30)

Will the Censors Knock

"It was high time—
See, 'neath the balmly linden,
Our lovers approaching; 'tis well!
Better leave them alone,
With the flowers and the moon.

"O night! draw around them thy curtain!
Let naught awaken alarm, or misgivings ever!
Ye flower, aid the enchanting charm,
Her senses to bewilder; till she knows not
Whether she be not already in Heaven!"

SUCH is the invocation of Mephistopheles, the arch agent of Satan in the famous classic of the operatic stage, "Faust." It is in sheer truth a demoniacal plea for the powers of Night to distill mysterious scents and seductive charms and thus tempt Faust and Marguerite to love strongly, but none too wisely.

If you know Gounod's opera, founded upon the drama from the facile pen of the master, Goethe, you know that the devil's request is rewarded. In this flower-perfumed garden, where youth and love begot tragedy, Mephistopheles smiles with sinister lips as he hears fair Marguerite, trembling in the light of an orange moon, say to Faust:

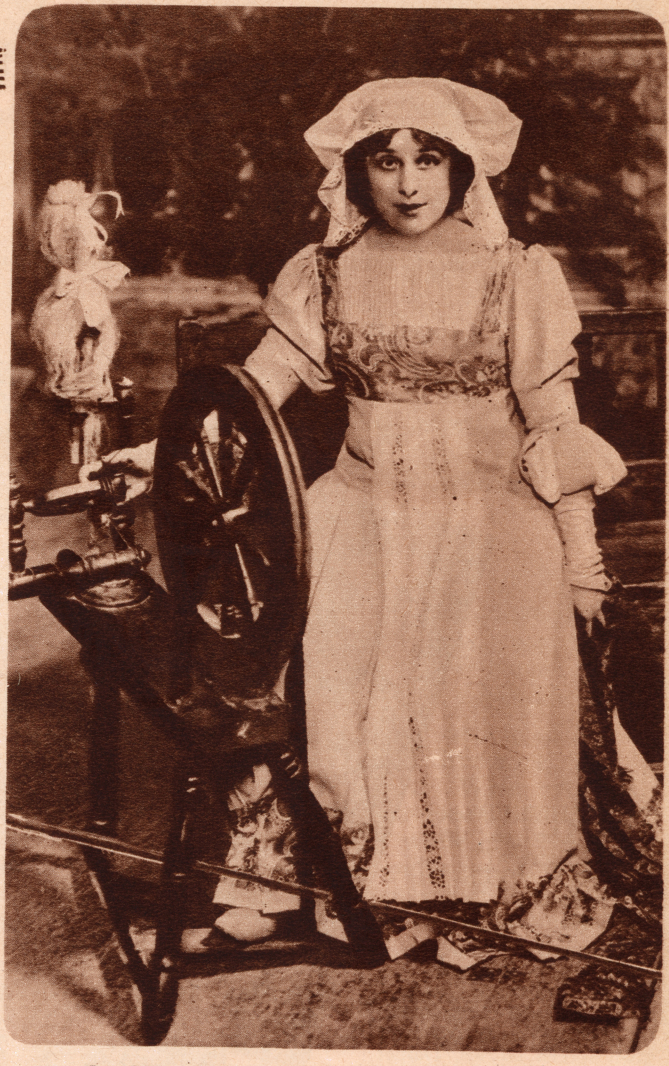
"By that tender vow we have sworn,
By that secret torn from me,
I entreat you only in mercy to be gone!"

In Mary Pickford's announced decision to picturize "Faust," there lies a direct challenge to the censors—a challenge which bids fair quickly to indicate whether or not the silver screen can hope to present the classics of literature and opera in their original form. I believe that "Faust" involves such a challenge, more so than any other book or stage classic, because it combines all of the dramatic ingredients which so often impress censors with the fact that they hold a pair of shears in their hands with which to swipe and cut; distort and mangle, in the name of morality!

There is a Devil in "Faust"; a Faust who signs a contract with the Devil; a beautiful maiden named Marguerite, who answers a mating call from Faust; her brother, Valentine, a soldier, who dies in a duel; there are visions of hell and heaven; there are joys and sorrows; high hopes and despair. All of these things tell a gripping story of temptation . . . of promises . . . and of the weakness of the flesh.

HOWEVER, so masterfully is this story of temptation woven from the threads of life, that it has been sung throughout the world during the past fifty-four years, more than any other five operas combined. Ample proof of its classical quality; its dramatic merit!

And now "Faust" is coming to the movies! Miss Pickford is to be congratulated on her fine courage in undertaking this elaborate production. Her step is in the right direction. It is indicative of the fact that the films are being recognized as a



Geraldine Farrar, former opera star and screen favorite, in the role of *Marguerite* in "*Faust.*"

Frances Alda, another *Marguerite*, whose voice and charm are famous wherever good music is known.

the Devil out of "Faust"?

How will Mary Pickford's *picturization of* Gounod's *classic opera be received* by the official *board of censorship?*

By T. Howard Kelly

***Mary Garden,* one of grand opera's greatest *Marguerites,* and herself a former screen star.**

medium of expression for the highest type of drama.

She has placed a very high dramatic ladder in front of herself by selecting "Faust" as her next screen vehicle. It must be remembered here that the role of Marguerite has been played and sung by some of the greatest artists of all time. Patti, Alda, Melba, Mary Garden and our own Geraldine Farrar have immortalized their names in connection with renditions of Marguerite.

TAKING "Faust" out of its original operatic atmosphere may lose for it some of the impassioned spontaneity that makes its very theme pulse with swift dramatic fervor on the operatic stage. Filming "Faust" may necessitate transposing some of its fiery tempo; some of its softness and tenderness of sentiment. A picture cannot always be as vivid as a song. Nevertheless, I feel certain that Mary's attempt will be a conscientious and artistic endeavor to register all of the opera's dramatic qualities in the lights and shadows of her own silver sheet.

There is only one thing I fear about Miss Pickford's adventure with "Faust." This fear revolves around the idea that censorial action may destroy her full interpretation of "Faust" for screenland. Why do I persist in my fear of the censors?

Because of censorial history in connection with many unusual pictures in the recent past. It was only a few weeks ago that the censors threatened to cut away the heartstrings of "The Birth of a Nation." In this threat there was the sinister intention of distorting history!

Let us review "Faust" and see where the danger points lie.

Goethe's celebrated drama opens in the musty studio of Faust, an aged philosopher and alchemist of the Fifteenth Century. Faust, weary from years of study, and haunted by the idea that he knows but little of true knowledge, resolves to end his life with a poisonous draught.

But the songs of happy peasants halt the fatal cup at his very lips. Angered by the sounds and sights of human happiness, he curses all things of earth and calls upon the Devil to aid him.

The entry of Mephistopheles, a Hell-sent spirit, may give the censors some cause for agitation. But, let us hope they will not rob this scene of the dramatic flavor it gets from the bargain Faust makes with the evil spirit. The old man sells his soul to Satan for youth . . . youth!

In letters of fire he signs his name to the scroll that binds him to the Devil.

A moment later, by the evil spirit's witchery, Faust gazes upon a vision of youth and beauty with rapturous eyes, he beholds the beautiful Marguerite. A swift swallow of magic potion and the wine of youth . . . the fire of love courses through his veins. Faust is young again! Faust is already enamored of a ravishing vision!

During the fifty-four years this very scene has been enacted on the operatic stage there have been no cries against it in spite of the fact that it depicts a human being selling his immortal soul into the bondage of Hell. Why should there be a necessity to tamper with it in transposing the situation into the films? It is, of course, a realistic picture of imagery. It shows how a man often yearns for youth and love above and beyond the welfare of his spiritual being. But then, is this not often as it happens in life?

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***Mary Pickford,* who will make a petite *Marguerite* in her screen production of the classic opera.**

The Woman Who Kills In the Movies

"See, I just sharpened it yesterday," says *Aileen Pringle* to *Eva Novak* in "*The Tiger's Claw.*" We bet it isn't the tiger's claw that *Eva's* worrying about now!

Just a little sword play between *Robert McKim* and *Jacqueline Logan* in "*Mr. Billings Spends His Dime.*" But when we get playful, give us a pop gun!

Never argue with a lady. Especially when she swings a mean dagger like *Nazimova's.*

"*Kick In*" is the title of this picture, but if we were *Bert Lytell* and *Kathleen Clifford* faced us with that revolver, we wouldn't stop to kick.

When *Kathleen Williams* shakes her knife at *Adolphe Menjou* in "*The World's Applause,*" he'd better be careful. *Kathleen* used to play in pictures with lions and tigers!

Are Men the Enemies of Women ?

As related by *Alma Rubens* to *Lawrence Langdon*

Screen star who is appearing in *picturization* of Ibanez' *"Enemies of Women"* expresses opinion on *unfair sex*

LIFE is a battle of the sexes!"

No, dear reader, these are not the words of some world-weary philosopher. They were spoken—with all earnestness—by none other than beautiful Alma Rubens, motion picture star.

"Most men," said *Miss Rubens,* "start life idealizing women. Sooner or later they find that women have claws and self-interest."

Miss Rubens has just completed her work in "Enemies of Women," the Ibanez novel, which is shortly to appear on the screen, interpreted by Lionel Barrymore, Gareth Hughes, W. H. Thompson, Paul Panzer, and Miss Rubens herself. And it wasn't because she has been playing in "Enemies of Women" that she believes life—as she puts it—is a battle of the sexes.

Listen then, to her opinion:

"I don't want you to believe that I am unfaithful to my own sex. But I honestly believe that most men start life by idealizing women."

"And wind up?"

"By—well, I won't say hating them—but not liking them quite so much. Their first illusion is shattered sooner or later. They find that women have claws and self-interest.

Alma Rubens* in a tense scene with *Lionel Barrymore* in her latest picture, *"Enemies of Women."

"The 'Enemies of Women' are, naturally enough, men. In the Ibanez story they get enough of the fair sex. The soft young boy tires of the attentions his mother and sister lavish on him. The worldly man wearies of his many mistresses. The old roue resolves to give up the little sweethearts that have cluttered up his past.

"But they all come back," Miss Rubens added. "Like the cat—they all come back. They can't get along without women and they can't get along with them."

"Don't you think that their problem is due to woman's desire to assert herself?" I asked. "How about the English woman, the typical English woman, who declares she would as soon have her husband beat her as love her, who would rather go meekly upstairs and get his slippers than have him buy a squirrel wrap for her?"

"Don't you believe it," replied the dark-haired star. "There isn't any such English woman. And there isn't any woman of any nationality, who would turn down a squirrel wrap—unless she had too many squirrel wraps and wanted an ermine for a change."

"And the slavish German woman, the blonde girl, whose husband is her lord and master, the flaxen-haired creature, who will work in the fields for him, or work in the kitchen?"

"She has the vote now, and she's probably giving hubby seven shades of Hades for not shouldering a musket and driving the French out of the Ruhr . . ."

So, believe it or not, Alma Rubens believes that women have a way that fascinates men, but that the faithful, all-enduring, passive woman is of the past. As for men . . . well, men are men. Women love them, but fear them. So the war is on. The battle of the sexes rages. A truce here. An armistice there. A lull in the struggle some place else. But the battle is on, though its smoke may be imperceptible to the eye.

MISS RUBENS, however, is not an active combatant. She has a way of enjoying life. She lives in an apartment facing Central Park. Her peke, her friends, her work . . . these fill her days.

She told me first of her trip to Europe, for the purpose of taking scenes in Paris and Monte Carlo for "Enemies of Women."

"I felt sad when I left New York. I wanted to cry about something, but not having anything to cry about, I decided to weep over my peke. How badly he would be treated, I thought. But he wasn't.

"And I didn't care so much for France when I got there. I can only speak a few words of French. I never knew whether they were making

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Will Doug, Mary and Charlie Quit Screen?

Rumor has it that *celebrated* trio are to *forsake* acting for *producing* upon completion of *present plans*

By Thomas Tarrington

The one and only *Charlie* in an amusing moment from his latest picture, *"The Pilgrim."*

THE BIG THREE in the movies are threatening to get ready to tell the fans good-bye. They have given us to understand that we can only expect about two more productions apiece in which they will appear if the plans they now debate by the hour materialize.

When the last scene is shot for the screen finale of this scintillating picture trinity, little Mary will have deserted us as the sweetheart of America; Charlie will have tripped out of his role as national fun-maker; and, the redoubtable Doug will have retired with a chest glittering from the medals he has gathered as the Yankee prince of pep!

It is mighty hard to think of the movies without these three contributing their heavy quota of talent for our entertainment and amusement. I, for one, will not despair of their final desertion until I see them burn up all their make-up and go into exile on some South Sea Island. And, I'll bet my income tax that there are thousands of you fans that feel just the same as I do about Mary, Doug and Charlie giving us the au revoir sign.

When we hear of folks quitting their jobs our sense of curiosity immediately gets the best of us. We want to know all the whys and wherefors. The first question we generally ask is:

"Did he get fired? Or, did he just naturally stop because he wanted to?"

ALWAYS looking for scandal! That's us humans all over. Am I right, fans?

Well, you can save your breath over that question in regards to the gossip going around Hollywood about Mary, Doug and Charles. Its a cinch they are not being bounced from the moving pictures. All three of them are self-starters in business. They all sign their own checks and carry their own rolls.

Speaking of being their own bosses reminds me how strongly Chaplin insists that he is his own boss outside of the studio . . . at home . . . on the street . . . everywhere. Charlie says as how he wears what kind of ties he pleases n' everything! But, we think, softly to ourselves, that according to all the nuptial palaver about Pola and himself, old Charlie better boast while the boasting is not dangerous.

As to Doug and Mary—well, I won't say who is boss outside of business hours. Anything I write might start an argument in the Pickford-Fairbanks flat. Nobody really knows who has the last word between them except Mary's French maid and she "no speek Ongleesh."

Our *Mary* breaks in on one of *Friend Husband's* love scenes. It's a tender moment between *Doug* and *Enid Bennett* in *"Robin Hood."*

I wonder if you think there is a catch in this story?

Are you waiting for me to say that this famous trio are merely quitting the screen as individual stars, and will henceforth dazzle Broadway and Main Street by blazing their way through filmdom's firmament like a constellation?

I wish I could announce such a staggering piece of news! Imagine one picture with the three of them in it all at once. Can't you figure how the Big Three's press agents would harp on that box office line of sales talk: "ALL STAR CAST?" Why, those boys would simply pound their typewriters to death inventing a new American language to advertise such a production; or else get some bad news from the cashier's department.

SUCH a film might easily be a masterpiece, with Doug cast in the role of an acrobatic American; Mary, as a poor little rich girl; and Charlie doing mile-a-minute comedy!

Unfortunately, there is no such twist in this information. These players really plan to leave acting entirely alone upon the completion of two more pictures apiece. Upon stepping out of camera aim they will pick up their megaphones and strut right into the direction and production business.

Ah! The dark secret is out! The Big Three are going to make pictures instead of acting them. You're right, Mr. Gallagher. The megaphone, not the make-up.

Mary Pickford has one more definitely planned production in view. She is going to picturize the opera "Faust." According to her last word with me, there is another one to follow "Faust." No, Mary did not say exactly. We will have to wait a while on the name. Fairbanks has got the operatic bee under his "Robin Hood," and it is still possible that he may play "Monsieur Beaucaire," showing himself both barber and king. Perhaps, after this, Doug may jazz up a Shakespearean drama and give us something to talk about. Charlie Chaplin will most likely write his own farewell laughs for the silver sheet. He is now, as you know, directing and cutting a picture starring our friend, Edna Purviance.

Wise boy, that funny-footed Charlie. He's been stealing a march on Doug and Mary. Getting his hand in at directing already.

This is all by way of a warning to Dave Griffith, their playmate in the United Artists outfit. Griffith, De Mille, Rex Ingram, and all other megaphone orators had better look sharp to their

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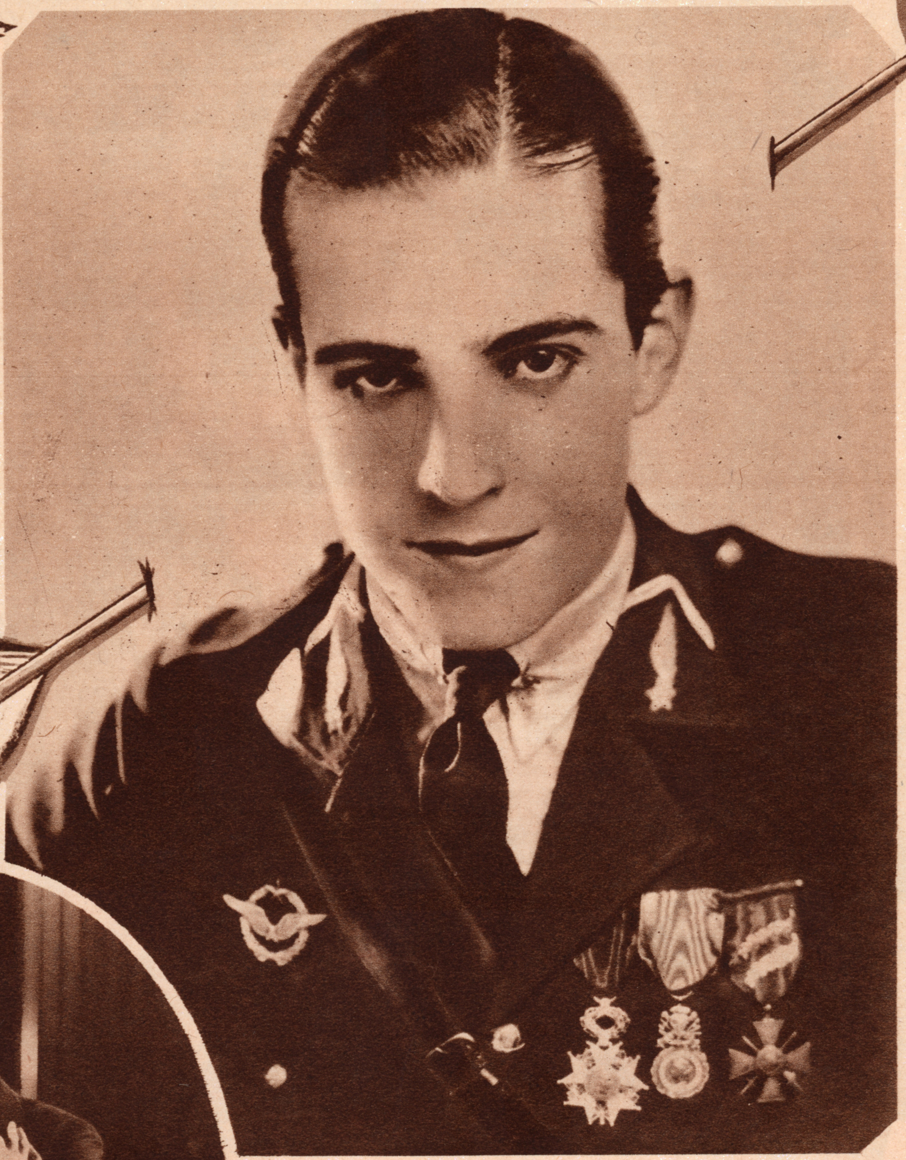
Is the Flapper Capable of Love?

An Interview with

Ramon Novarro

By Alma M. Talley

Young screen favorite *discusses* modern *American girl* and finds her *charming*—Is *Mexican* by birth



"I like the flapper," said *Mr. Novarro,* "because flapperism means youth; and I love youth and its splendid enthusiasm."

Ramon Novarro,* the popular young screen actor, in a tense love scene from *"Trifling Women."

CHEER up, flappers! Everybody's been picking on you, but now Ramon Novarro has come to your rescue. He thinks flappers are wonderful.

"Do you think the flapper is capable of love?" I asked him, thinking of how everyone suspects her, poor thing, of being utterly frivolous and fickle, and of being as short on brain as she is on hair

"I certainly do!" said Ramon emphatically.

We paused to study the menu. We were having lunch at a restaurant just off Broadway, which Ramon liked because of its Scandinavian hors d'oeuvres, and because it has queer, brown, flat bread with holes in it, similar to his native Mexican bread.

But of course you want to know—quick—just what Ramon is like, whether he's as good-looking, really, as he is on the screen, and all that sort of thing. And the answer is that he looks practically the same as he does in "Trifling Women," for instance, though not quite so handsome. I don't know just where the difference lies, unless it is that his skin is less satiny than it appears on the screen. But he's a handsome young man nevertheless! He has black hair and beautiful black eyes and eyelashes—girls, you never saw such eyelashes. They're so long it's a wonder they didn't get in the soup!

And he talks very broken English; at first I was afraid I shouldn't be able to understand what he said, but that proved quite easy. He says "thees" for "this," and "keel" for "kill."

"Tell me more of what you think of the flapper," I said, when we had poked about among all the mysterious things that go to make up the hors d'oeuvres.

"I like the flapper," said Ramon, "all my friends are flappers. They are full of life—flapperism means youth, and I love youth and its splendid enthusiasm."

He paused to offer me some of the Scandinavian bread.

"This is almost like the bread we have in my country," he said, "in Mexico."

"Oh!" said I, in surprise. "I thought you were Spanish."

"Everyone always refers to me as a Mexican of Spanish ancestry," said Ramon, "but you in America, you do not say you are Americans of English ancestry, or whatever it is. You are American, and in the same way I am Mexican. I am proud of my country. I don't believe in this naturalization, do you?"

Now what is a one hundred per cent American supposed to say to that?

"Well," I answered dubiously, "it's a matter of personal preference. It depends on whether you expect to live here all your life or not."

WE STOPPED to order our meat—only Ramon preferred eggs.

"I am proud of my country," said Ramon, "and I want my country to be proud of me. That is why I do not wish to deny my Mexican birth, and claim Spanish ancestry. If people think all Mexicans are of the peon class, it is time someone showed them that we have an educated class just as any other country does."

So Ramon is really doing his country a service. Because anyone can tell by seeing him, on the screen or off, that he isn't a "greaser." If your idea of a Mexican has been a nut brown bandit with a lot of teeth and wearing a bandana like the Mexicans we see in movies, you'd better change it at once. It's all wrong!

Business of eating.

"How long have you been in this country?" I asked him. He is so new to the fans that no one knows much about him yet.

"Seex years," said Ramon. "I came to New York and went on the stage with the Mona Morgan dancers. We danced in several pictures—'Man, Woman and Marriage,' and in 'A Small Town Idol'—you remember, the man with the crooked eyes was in it."

"Oh, yes," said I, "Ben Turpin."

Ramon nodded. "Yes, and then I played extra roles. I was an extra in 'The Four Horsemen.'"

"You *were!*" I exclaimed, quite overcome with amazement. Think of all that talent blushing unseen as one of the mob. Ramon was one of the dancers in the cabaret scene.

(*Continued on page 30*)

"I'm saving my Pennies for a Rainy Day"

As related to
Regina Cannon

By
Constance Binney

Screen favorite declares that *ability to save* is first *requisite* to *success* in life

THE ABILITY to save money is a gift that's wished on you when you're born, just as is the color of your eyes or the shape of your nose or the size of your mouth."

Constance Binney, with the weight of her eighteen—or is it nineteen?—summers, spoke as one having authority, like the sages of old.

For several days after being appointed by "the powers that be" to "seek out" and ask a famous lady of the *fillums* just how much of her "weekly wage," if any, she puts away for a rainy day—I hunted through the Social Register of Moviedom to find a girl who could solve this all-important problem. When I came to Constance Binney's name, I stopped short.

I had never heard of Miss Binney's fourth-from-the-largest Rolls Royce being picked up and relegated to the ash heap after a smash up, preceded by a record run from Freeport to New York! I had never seen Constance darting in or out of the *Ambassador — either* time I've been there—swathed in ermine and sparkling like a jeweller's window.

"Constance Binney's the logical person to have a bank account as solid as the proverbial Rock of Gibraltar," sleuthed I. And I guessed right.

Miss Binney curled herself up in the corner of the divan in her cozy library and gazed at me very earnestly through a pair of large gray eyes.

"And what's more," she continued with conviction, "if you're ever going to save anything, you'll save on ten dollars a week as well as on ten hundred."

"If you're ever going to save anything," says *Constance*, "you'll save on $10.00 a week as well as on $1,000." *Constance Binney* doing a charming toe dance in her new picture, *"A Bill of Divorcement."*

And Miss Binney has earned both.

"When I first started to earn my living, I was given an understudy part in a musical comedy. The salary was small, but at the time, it was the best I could get. I saved a third of it. It meant doing without a good many things that are dear to a girl, and I confess that often times I was tempted to 'plunge' some of my savings and buy the satin slippers, instead of the dull leather shoes. But somehow, after a little mental reasoning, common sense would prevail and I'd come away with a 'sensible' purchase and be none the less happy for it. Then I'd count it as one more temptation overcome."

Miss Binney compressed her lips tightly as she considered her "past," and the flash of battle, instantly followed by the light of triumph, lit her lustrous eyes. For a moment she looked the conqueror.

DO YOU still save a third of your salary?" I inquired.

"You'll never believe it," replied Constance, "but since I've been earning more money I've tried to save more. I can't say that I put away a specific amount each week now, because my expenses vary so much, but I'm saving enough so that if the rainy day should come, I'll be able to buy a mackintosh and umbrella!"

"You say that this saving business," I queried anxiously, "is a gift that's born with you? Then I suppose some of us would have to be born over again in order to save. Please, kind lady, can't you modify your statements a little? What's to become of those of us who are 'natural-born' spendthrifts?"

I couldn't help remembering the first time I got a nickel to spend. I had to leave two new pencils at the candy store as security for the balance of my bill.

"Well, let me think," smiled Miss Binney. "Suppose, in order to include and excuse some of our friends, we say that the art of saving is like greatness—some people are born to it, some achieve it, and some have it thrust upon them."

"The last mentioned, I suppose, are the people who have lived beyond their means and are suddenly brought up, of necessity, to the folly of their ways?" I asked.

"Yes," replied my pretty hostess, "those are the folks who, of necessity, have the saving-habit 'thrust' upon them. They are to be pitied. They generally have an awful time of it, and do a lot of foolish things

(*Continued on page* 31)

Does Screen Success Destroy Romance?

An Interview with
Lionel Barrymore

Famous *stage and screen* star refuses to *discuss personalities* but *permits interviewer* to draw his own *conclusions*

By Paul Rochester

DOES success kill romance?

Does the successful man forget all about the little woman who was his helpmeet and pal through his less prosperous days?

The recent divorce of Lionel Barrymore by his wife, Doris Rankin, came as a surprise, not only to the Barrymore fans, but to acquaintances of Mr. Barrymore in the theatrical profession. In the absence of any facts to the contrary, it was believed that the Barrymore marriage was rarely successful for one of the present generation of the famous stage and screen family. But, as with his sister, Ethel, and his brother, John, the passing of the years and the coming of fame has spelled an end to happy married life.

Mr. Barrymore, whom I met during the divorce suit, was unwilling to express himself on any phase of his marital relations. "I don't believe in talking about personalities," he replied to my queries. He was willing, however, to give me a message to his admirers of the screen. But before I impart that message to you, something of the romance which ended in a divorce court at White Plains a few weeks ago, will give you a clearer understanding of the man.

Lionel Barrymore began his professional career obscurely. He played, during the first five years of the twentieth century, in vaudeville, despite the fact that he was the son of the world-famous Maurice Barrymore. In some of the companies in which he played, Doris Rankin, of the almost equally famous McKee Rankin stage family, was his leading woman. At that time, Barrymore's stage aspirations were not particularly high. He was interested, as was his brother, John, in art, and when he married Doris Rankin, he decided to give up his professional work and go to Paris to study painting.

Lionel Barrymore as he appears in the picturization of *Ibanez's* novel, *"Enemies of Women."*

Lionel Barrymore as he looks today. The passing of the years has brought an end to his happy married life.

HE BOBBED up again in this country in motion pictures, one of the genuine pioneers of the old days in the movies. Few people recall that he was one of the old Biograph stock company, for not until he appeared on the stage in the fine role of Colonel Ibbetson did he join the other Barrymores as a star.

Since then he has shone in one splendid role after another, and in many of his plays and pictures. Doris Rankin supported him. It was believed that their relations were of the best and the suddenness of the break-up of their long married life came as a shock to the public.

This is Lionel Barrymore as I found him, a Barrymore of a thousand memories, masterful stage productions, memorable screen successes—dressed in a lounge suit, the greyish yellow make-up of the studio on his cheeks, Colonel Ibbetson, Neri of "The Jest," "The Copperhead," a name and a face to conjure with.

He is affable to an extreme. He conducts you to a seat in a cheery little outdoor set, an exterior made in the studio, a bit of a castle garden near Nice reproduced in the Bronx, New York.

He bars discussion of his wife at once. He does not refer you—as so many players would—to his lawyer. He tells you frankly that if you are to talk to him at all, you are to talk on his art.

And so you do.

You wonder which art, the stage or the screen? And you ask him.

"The screen. I was one of the first legitimate actors, so-called legitimate actors, to go on the screen. I was with the first old Biograph company, when Mr. Griffith was the chief director, when we made those old thousand-foot affairs."

YOU ARE not a little surprised to catch a note of pride in his voice. Many and many a time you have listened to "so-called legitimate" actors, delivering venomous attacks on the screen, declaring that it has destroyed all possibilities of real acting, or real art in acting. Is a Barrymore about to take up the cudgels for the poor, battered movies?

"And I've been playing, jobbing about in the movies, for fifteen years, with almost every company, Famous, Pathe, Metro, First National, and now for Cosmopolitan."

Curiosity prompts you to ask him what he is going to do on the stage this season.

"I'm not going to do anything on the stage this year," he replies. "I'm on the screen to stay. I have a contract with International, and this picture, which I am just completing, is only one of a series I am about to do."

You challenge him: "Don't you think that the stage actor has far greater opportunities for finer characterization than the screen player?"

"On the contrary," he affirms. He runs back quickly over several of the screen characters he has made famous, "The Copperhead," "The Devil's

(*Continued on page* 30)

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"Little Old New York" Goes into the Movies

Famous *stage success* is recreated for *screen* in *Brooklyn Armory*—Mammoth set *built* especially for *production*

LITTLE, Old New York . . . little, old New York as it was in 1805, before your very eyes. Bowling Green, Lorenzo Delmonico's restaurant, young Cornelius Vanderbilt strolling up Broadway, houses of real brick, trees as green as the trees of May . . .

In a motion picture studio. The great interior set of "Little Old New York," in which Marion Davies is being starred, was completed late in January in the 106th Regiment Armory in Brooklyn. There have been big sets before, but never an interior so large as this. The Armory is huge; the distance from the home of Larry Delevan at one end, to the little old church at the other, is fully three city blocks, and when the camera shoots it, it will appear to be twice as far.

Place in the interior of this set five hundred extras; Marion Davies, her golden locks bobbed; her slim figure clad in boy's togs; place there, too, Harrison Ford, Sam Hardy, Mahlon Hamilton; have the sets made by Joseph Urban; get Sidney Olcott, with fifteen years' experience back of him, for your director, and you will have an unsurpassable picture.

That is what all of the many who made the pilgrimage to the Armory to see this marvellous replica of little, old New York thought when they completed their tour of the set.

Indoors, on a winter's day, it was spring. The Battery, the Ocean, ships riding at anchor, flowers in bloom, trees in blossom.

I attended the luncheon which Miss Davies gave to the motion picture writers of New York and listened to Sidney Olcott tell how fourteen years before he had attended another dinner in celebration of the return of the old Kalem Company, of which he was a member, from its trip around the world.

"There were five of us. We went to a little Italian restaurant downtown. Our dinner check was $4.80 and we were celebrating the greatest event in the history of motion pictures which had thus far taken place. Today, when I look upon this tremendous set, I cannot help expressing my emotion at the stupendous strides the motion picture has taken in these brief years."

"Little Old New York" is the story of an Irish girl who comes to America with a boy relative. The boy dies en route and, in order to claim the heritage, she dresses in his clothes and poses as him. A delightful story ensues.

MISS DAVIES, who is cast for the leading role, typifies the character perfectly—so those who have seen her in her charming costume declare. She has something of the hoyden boyishness of Patricia O'Day, and according to those who have watched her, she is gaining in ability and emotional depth every day.

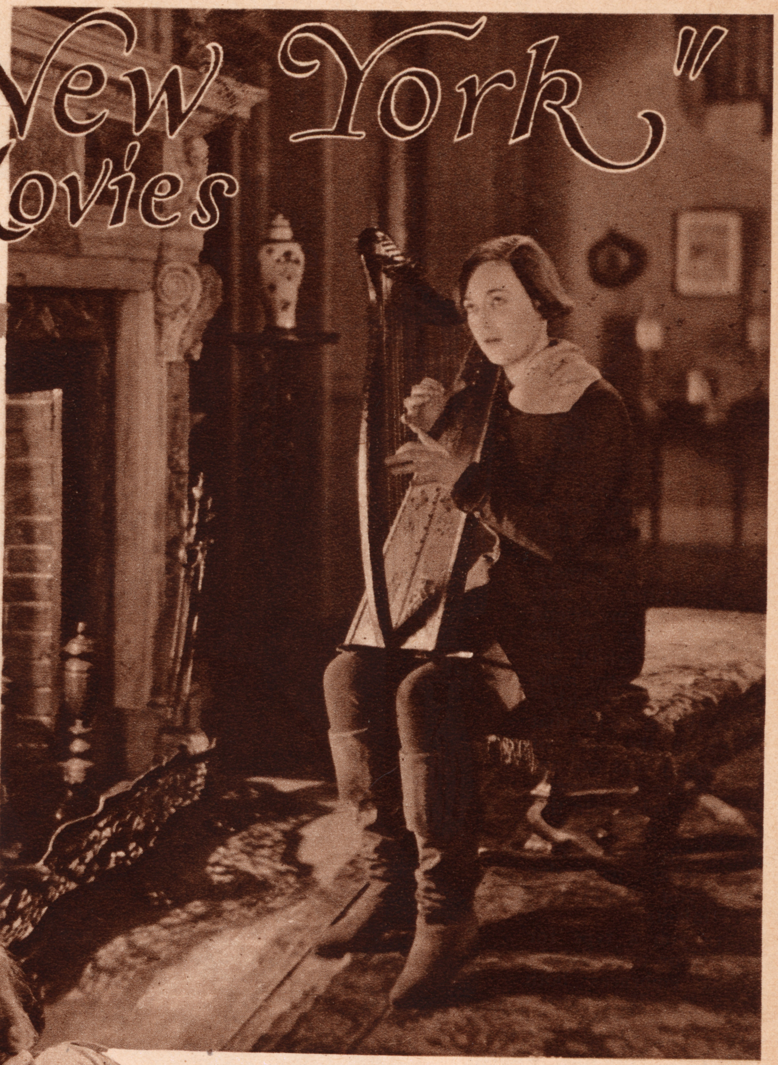
The perfection of settings, the care with which this picture is being made, make it seem likely that it will be one of the outstanding features of 1923. So stupendous is it that many well-known players are doing bits in it. Louis Wolheim, for instance, has a few scenes as a fighter—the Hoboken Terror. Harry Lee, famous for his character roles, is playing a very minor part. The extras themselves have been selected with exceptional care. They are all Anglo-Saxon and Irish types such as inhabited New York 115 years ago. Indeed, the many players who are participating in this production seem to be transfigured by their association with it.

Harrison Ford, for instance, has emerged as a handsome, romantic youth, a perfect picture of the New York society man of long ago. Sam Hardy is another whose work will surprise those who have not seen him on the screen before.

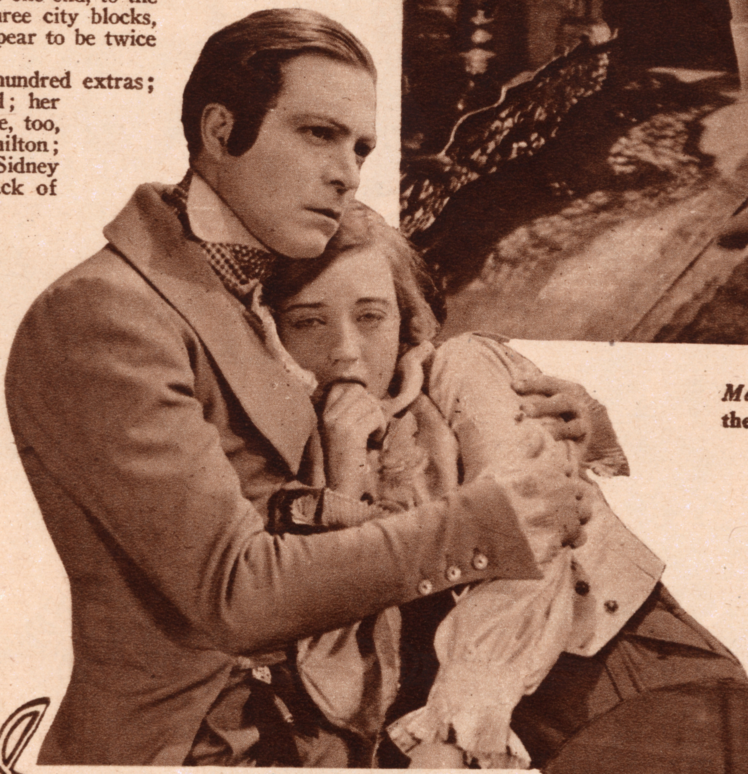
You can't visit this wonderful set without feeling that you have seen something quite unusual in motion pictures. Not an imaginary conception of what some old city used to be, but a picture which is exactly in keeping with your own conception of New York as it was in 1805.

I should not be surprised if "When Knighthood Was in Flower" is eclipsed by "Little Old New York."

"White Fang," a story by the late Jack London, has been selected as the next story in which the dog, Strongheart, who appeared in "The Silent Call" and "Drawn of the North," will be seen. The picture will be made by Jane Murfin and Lawrence Trimble, who will respectively supply the scenario and the direction. Director Trimble has already begun "shooting" in Banff, Canada, to which place he brought an express car load of wolves, huskies and police dogs (*Continued on page 31*)



Marion Davies as *Patricia O'Day*, in the forthcoming picture, *"Little Old New York."*

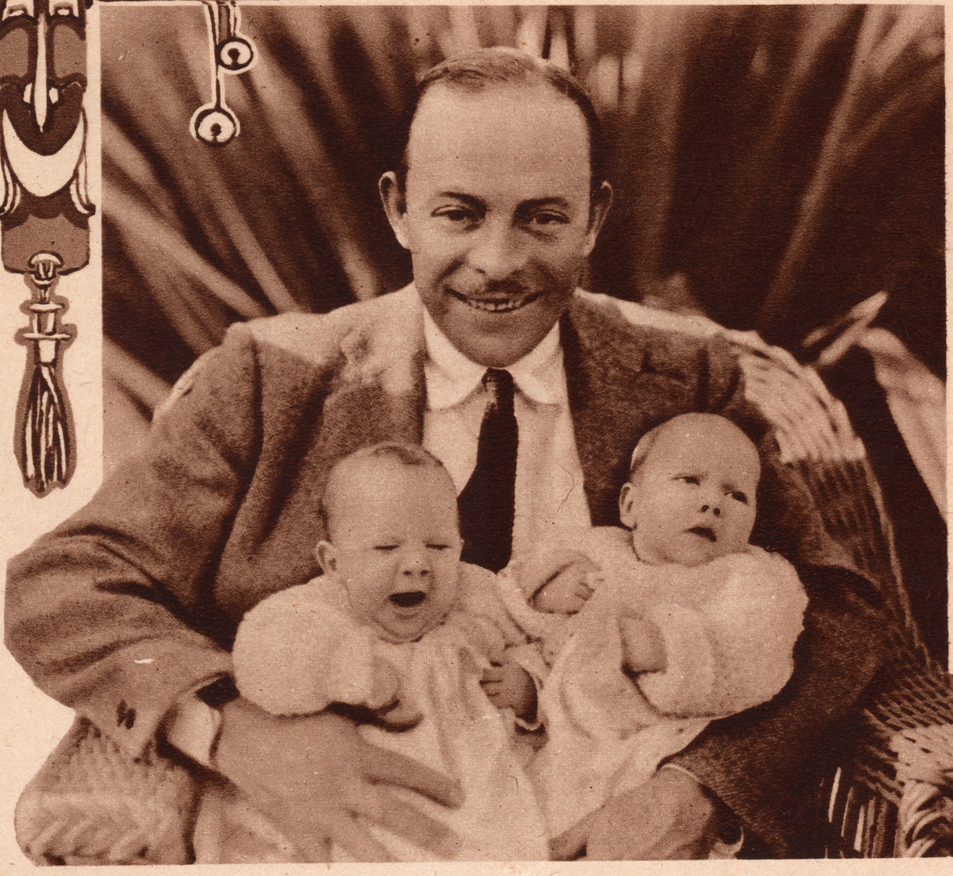


Patricia* finds all her sorrows vanish in the arms of *Larry Delevan (Harrison Ford)

As the headstrong *Patricia*, Miss *Davies* gives the most delightful characterization of her screen career.

Are You a Type for Comedy or Tragedy

Noted *screen director* outlines *requirements* for films and tells what sort of *person* possesses *necessary equipment*



Harry Beaumont **and his** *two young daughters*, **one of whom it may be seen is a** *type for tragedy*, **the other is for** *comedy*.

BEFORE reading this I should advise you to study the article "Have You a Camera Face?" written by Sidney Franklin, my friend and co-worker on the Warner lot, which appeared in a recent issue of "Movie Weekly." Then, if you decide that your's is the sort of personality that can appear before the camera, you may delve into this story of mine and it may help you decide into what particular fields you should turn your talents.

Are you a type for comedy or tragedy? As drama embraces both roles, it will be necessary for me to deal in the two extremes in getting my points over. And to decide you will have to have a pretty good idea of just exactly what comedy and tragedy are.

As laughter is a proof of comedy, the French philosopher, Bergson's, definition of laughter in his famous study on the subject, might prove interesting. "Laughter is provoked by a deviation from the normal which is not sufficiently fatal to be tragic."

There, in a nutshell, is a definition of both comedy and tragedy—a deviation from the normal—the tragic being when the incident has a fatal aspect.

Another point to take into consideration is your own appreciation of either comedy or tragedy. What impresses you most, the light or heavy? Does a banana peel that makes an old woman slip or a dog upsetting the crutch of a lame man, cause you to laugh at the inconsequentiality of life, or do you shed tears at the pathos of it?

Do you turn to the funnies on receiving your Sunday morning paper, or do the more dramatic bits of news, such as the heart-rending problem that caused a maddened woman to kill the man she loved, or other tragic episodes, interest you more?

HOW DO you react to situations you see on the screen? Does slapstick depress you rather than cause a desire to laugh, or do tragic episodes really amuse you more than they impress you emotionally? Of one thing you may be certain—if when your companion at the theatre is wiping her eyes furtively at some tragic thing happening on the screen, while you see only the humorous aspect of it, translating it into tears of burlesque, as it were, you are in all probability a type that should seek comedy rather than tragic roles.

By this I do not mean that a person with a sense of humor cannot portray tragedy. On the contrary, I consider that the most blessed gift of all, an important factor in the tragedian, and without it we would be lost. There is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and it is a very easy step for the actor to take unless he is well enough mentally balanced to avoid it. A sense of humor enables an actor to realize the point where tragedy ends and comedy begins. How easy to spoil the most beautifully tragic thing in the world by overemphasizing it to the point where it becomes ridiculous. Tragedy is the simplest thing in the world to burlesque.

And, curiously enough, the true comedian becomes greater when his work has been touched by the divine hand of pathos. Consider the funniest actors you know—aren't they usually quite serious about the clownish things they are doing and doesn't this very seriousness make them all the funnier?

By comedy one does not necessarily speak of slapstick. Comedy turns the searchlight on the foibles of humanity—on its dress, customs, mannerisms and habits, while tragedy turns another searchlight on the more serious and universal things, as death and fate.

So many persons seem to think one must be ugly or grotesque to play comedy and beautiful to really interpret tragedy. How wrong! It is true that a great many comediennes do emphasize any eccentricities they may have and make up to appear ugly, but these things in themselves do not make comedy. A good comedienne must be funny in any make-up—even his own!

In Sinclair Lewis' novel, "Main Street," which I am now directing, there is a great deal of opportunity for featuring both comedy and tragedy, it being, as you know, a novel of the typical American small town. And how akin are these two emotions, even in real life!

In Florence Vidor, who plays the role of Carol Kennicott, the small town wife who rebels at the narrowness of its vision, one sees the type of actress who has the instinctive penchant for portraying either serious drama or tragedy. Her own deep insight into life has furthered this instinctive feeling. In her eyes one sees the serious sweetness of a woman who has felt deeply. She is also blessed with a deep understanding of human kind—an understanding that gives her the ability to portray suffering and she gives conviction to the role of Carol, the unhappy wife, in spite of the fact that she is happily married herself.

On the other hand, Louise Fazenda is the true comedian. It is not long since she has stopped playing slapstick in grotesque disguise. In "The Beautiful and Damned" she played a "vamp," and kidded the part so successfully that her performance made a big hit. In "Main Street" she plays the Swedish maid Bea, a comedy role that turns into one of deepest pathos before the story is ended. Miss Fazenda is the true comedian, because she knows the power of tears as well as of smiles, and her work is enriched by the pathos she lends it.

PERHAPS people have told you that you would make a great comedian because you are very ugly—because you are very fat—because you are very thin—because your nose is too short—because your nose is too long—because—well, there are too many reasons to go into detail about them all, but right here let me say a word before you buy your ticket for Hollywood. The funniest looking man in the world could not succeed in comedy unless he has the inherent talent that makes it. All acting comes from within—from your soul, your mind, your moods, and that includes both comedy and tragedy.

If anyone will study the humor of Charlie Chaplin, he will see that it is a humor born of a superior imagination, a super-sense of the ridiculous that is something quite apart from the comic appearance that accompanies it. The comic appearance is to be sure, a necessary part of the equipment, but it is the mind back of it, the directing intelligence toward the comic situation in idea that creates the essential humor of the picture. And unless you have this, your chances for ever becoming a great screen comedian are fairly nil.

It is so and not otherwise with the other branches of acting before the camera. It must come from within if you are to be a success and *within* is that short space between your eyes and your hair.

"Gimme" is Story of (

Rupert Hughes Presents Another Drama of Home Life---
Mary Miles Minter in a New Jungle Picture---Other Pictures as Seen

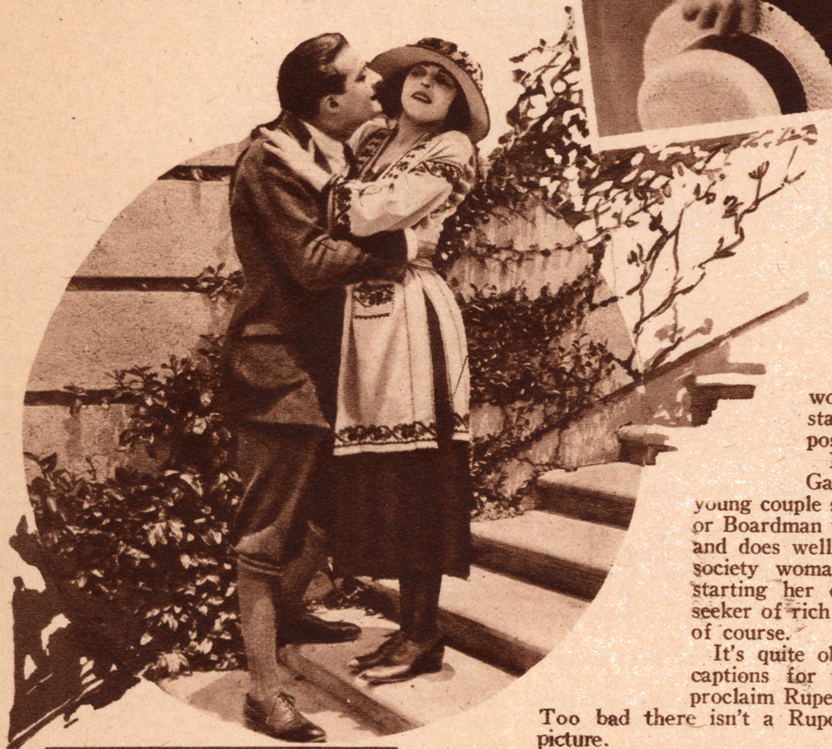
Judging by *Mary Miles Minter's* pained look, you'd think the family skeleton was hiding behind that door. But it's only a superfluous husband.

"GIMME"

Rupert Hughes' Latest

"Gimme" is the story of a young married couple which is universal in its appeal. Everyone is interested in a pair of young newlyweds trying to get adjusted to each other.

Rupert Hughes shows us a young couple whose happiness is nearly wrecked because the wife cannot train herself to ask her husband for funds. Their little quarrels are very human, though just a little silly—but probably most quarrels are silly. But it seems improbable that a devoted young husband would completely forget to give his wife any money even to pay bills with, or that a self-sufficient type of woman would be too bashful to ask her husband for money even when affairs grew a bit serious. However, there are enough silly people in the world to make such a state of affairs entirely possible.



"Aw, just one," says *Gaston Glass* to *Helene Chadwick*. There's a clinging vine in the picture, but it isn't *Helene*.

Helene Chadwick and Gaston Glass make the young couple seem quite real. Eleanor Boardman wears beautiful clothes and does well as the fortune-hunter society woman. She seems to be starting her career as a perpetual seeker of rich husbands—in pictures, of course.

It's quite obvious who wrote the captions for this picture: they all proclaim Rupert Hughes' authorship. Too bad there isn't a Rupert Hughes for every picture.

"DRUMS OF FATE"

Mary Miles Minter in a Jungle Picture

Mary Miles Minter's new picture for Paramount has a sort of Enoch Arden plot; it is adapted from the novel "Sacrifice," by Stephen French Whitman.

The story begins with the extremely artificial situation of a society girl's party to all the men who have ever proposed to her. Even granting that the girl is so astoundingly popular that at twenty-one, she would have had about thirty proposals, it is rather doubtful if all those men would be silly enough to go to such a party to let her gloat over them.

She marries an explorer, who is called back to Africa shortly afterward and is reported dead. Then she marries another man she doesn't love because he is a genius who cannot create without her. Of course her husband isn't really dead, and when he returns to find her married to someone else, she springs one of these "You don't understands" on him, and lets him return to Africa thinking her fickle, when an explanation would have been so simple.

The leading man is the good-looking Maurice Flynn, who has at last come into his own, after being absurdly cast in various villain roles. Mary Miles Minter looks pretty and wears beautiful clothes as the harassed young heroine. Incidentally, she is getting plumper.

The lovable George Fawcett plays her guardian,

Young Wife and Money

By Alma M. Talley

"See the birdie," said *Constance Binney* to the little boy beside her, and then the camera went "click."

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT"

Constance Binney in an English Film

Why is it, we wonder, that English people always screen so differently from Americans; they shriek out their nationality at you. This film is no exception, except for Constance Binney, who went to London to appear in this screen version of Clemence Dane's play.

It concerns the English divorce law, recently passed, whereby a divorce can be granted because of incurable insanity. Not a pretty subject, but there's meat in it. In this case, the insane man is cured finally and returns home to find his former wife on the point of marrying another man. (*Continued on page* 30)

and Casson Ferguson has an appealing role. The picture has an original but extremely far-fetched plot. As pictures go, it is neither good nor bad.

"SECOND FIDDLE"

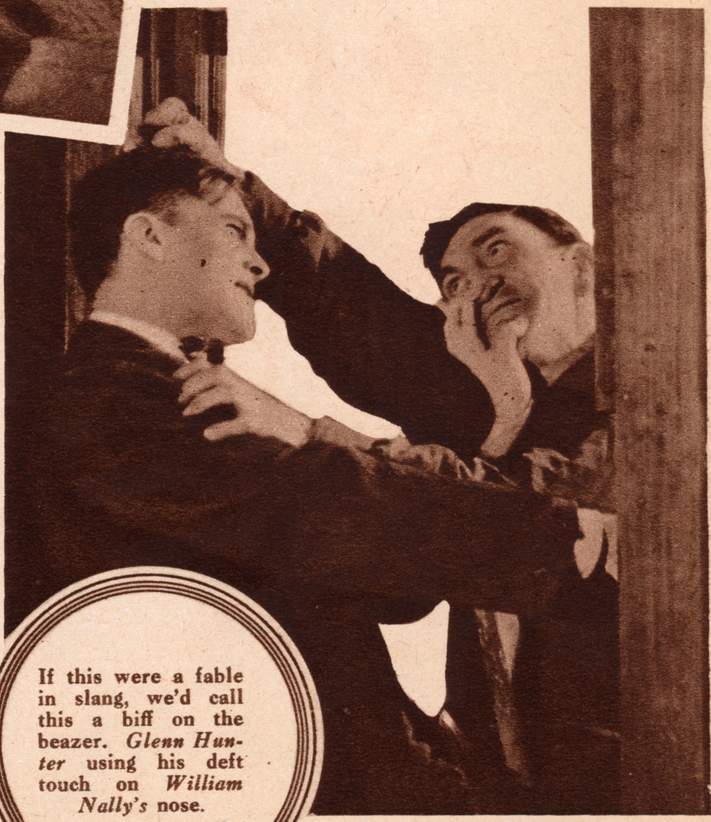
Glenn Hunter in a Typical Role

If Glenn Hunter doesn't hurry and grow up, he's going to be identified forever with he-ingenue roles, such as the one he plays in "Second Fiddle." In this he plays a role which is best described by the words of the title itself.

He is seen as a rather shy young man who always has to take second place because of his college brother, whom everyone thinks is so dashing and clever. But, of course, the girl believes in Glenn, and he proves to everyone in the village that he is the better man of the two. The picture is light comedy of a rather frothy nature, but it has moments of pathos, especially in Glenn's pitiful attempt to hold an escaped murderer at bay at the point of a gun that isn't loaded. And the picture has its moments of suspense, with several thrilling hand-to-hand fights between Glenn and the villain.

"Second Fiddle" gives Glenn the sort of role at which he is at his best, a partly pathetic, partly humorous one, and the actor makes good use of his opportunities. Mary Astor, who surely must be one of the ten most beautiful girls in the world, plays opposite him in her usual appealing way. Townsend Martin plays Glenn's no-account brother, and William Nally is the most villainous of villains.

"Second Fiddle" is light entertainment — but it *is* entertainment. The story was written and directed by Frank Tuttle.



If this were a fable in slang, we'd call this a biff on the beazer. *Glenn Hunter* using his deft touch on *William Nally's* nose.

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

LILA LEE

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

How Reporters were made to Kiss Hand of Star

Arthur Leslie tells of "*The Star of Women Press Agents* and *Press Agent* of *Women Stars*"

TAKE the world as it comes, the kicks with the kisses, and grin when you can't laugh," says Miss Beulah Livingstone, the Star of Women Press Agents and the Press Agent of Women Stars, whose blessed creative imagination was dropped by the fairies into her cradle at birth.

Philosophy from a young and pretty woman!

Unusual?

Yes.

But the more one gets to know Miss Livingstone, the more unusual does she appear.

She is one of those rare women whom everyone loves.

I called at her office in the Loew Theatre Building and begged her to relate how she has scaled the heights, so I could write what I hope will turn out to be the most interesting chapter yet of "Confessions of a Movie Press Agent."

"Get thee behind me, Satan," said fair Beulah, "woulds't thou take the bread out of mine mouth? Naught will I tell thee." And she meant it, too. And then they say that a woman can't keep a secret. Why, there are more secrets locked up in that little blonde head of hers, than there are "stenogs" who can't spell erysipelas.

To get the inside story of how she has "put over" several women stars, who are now celebrities of the screen, I had to get my facts from one who knows her. Miss Beulah, you are discovered. No longer can you bask in the shaded light of anonymity. Henceforth, whenever an exceptionally sparkling bit of publicity appears, anent some woman star, newspaper readers are going to shake their heads and say: "There! I just bet that was written by that Star of Women Press Agents and Press Agent of Women Stars, whom I was reading about in 'Movie Weekly.'"

The story of how she snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat is, perhaps, the crowning jewel in the diadem of publicity brilliants which adorn her brow.

The Talmadge sisters, Norma and Constance, returning from abroad, had planned to stay only two days in New York before entraining for the trip to the Coast to start production. They had spent a well-earned holiday in Europe and were hurrying home to do a little necessary shopping in Gotham, thence aboard the Pullman for the Los Angeles studio. So Miss Livingstone, who had been handling the girls' publicity ever since they were on salary with Selznick's and long before they started their own companies, had arranged that they meet the gentlemen of the press at the hotel and relate their experiences while abroad.

Miss Livingstone forthwith issued forty invitations to a selected list. The star writers of the New York newspapers came first—"the boys who sign their stuff." Then came the special writers for the magazines, the fan periodicals and the metropolitan representatives of the leading newspapers of Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco. All these topnotchers were duly impressed with the quality of stationery Miss Livingstone employed and the form in which the invitation was couched.

It is no easy matter to gather the elect of the writing craft. So very much depends on the way in which it's done. Weeks before the event, Miss Livingstone had planned the details and shown that infinite capacity for taking pains, described as being akin to genius.

Were I to sum up the chief characteristics of Beulah Livingstone, I should use two words: "She understands." In the fourth chapter, seventh verse of Proverbs it says: "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; yea, with all thy getting, get understanding." Well, when the morning of the great day arrived, Miss Livingstone was aroused from her slumbers by the tinkling of the telephone.

Quickly followed the crushing news, that Norma Talmadge had been up all night with a sore throat and that Miss Livingstone could call the interviews off.

To the general public such a situation might seem nothing out of the ordinary, but to Miss Livingstone it spelled a debacle. To have her cherished aspirations dashed to earth, to have the envisioned reams of publicity unmaterialized, the weeks of planning wasted, was bad enough, but there was another reason which only one who "understands" could understand.

Miss Norma Talmadge, who, under *Miss Livingstone's direction*, played sick-a-bed lady in order to make reporters kiss her hand.

***Naughty, Naughty Beulah*, the "star of women press agents and press agent of women stars.**

It was impossible to reach these "forty immortals" in time, even by telegraph, to prevent them from calling at the hotel, and again, even if a few had received the wire in time not to call, it would have meant a day lost out of their journalistic life, as they had set this day apart for the interview. To those who wrote on space, that is, those who are paid for each article according to its length, it would mean no income. Moreover, the next time they were asked to interview Miss Livingstone's client, they would naturally hesitate before accepting an invitation, lest a similar disappointment await them.

These dire consequences flashed through Miss Livingstone's mind as she pleaded without avail with Miss Talmadge that the latter arise and meet her guests. But Miss Talmadge had been bidden by her medical advisor to stay abed.

Then Miss Livingstone had a great idea.

If the mountain could not come to Mahomet, Mahomet should come to the mountain.

Miss Norma Talmadge would do a "Du Barry."

In other words, Miss Livingstone would have her principal do the unexpected, the news-creating feat of receiving the most brilliant writers of America while abed.

Amazingly surprising. Refreshingly uncommon.

A press agent idea that would complete the trinity of classic stuntdom. One that will go thundering down the ages as worthy companion to Anna Held's Milk Bath and Mae Murray's Letter of Cheer. (*Continued on page* 28)

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WILL LONG DRESSES REFORM MODERN DANCING?

Query **from** ***west coast*** **raises** ***question*** **of** ***fashions' effects*** **on the** ***shimmy*** **and the** ***fox-trot.***

By Grace Kingsley

ARE THE camel's walk and the cat-step and the dog trot, and all the other terpsichorean teasers named for the animal world to be doomed by the long dress fad? Are we going back to the innocently rollicking polka and the prim waltz?

Are the aforesaid long dresses to put the muffler on the giddy limbs of the flapper? Are all the wiggles to go out along with the high water skirts?

Let's see what the stars say!

The Lasky configuration was pretty much of one mind.

Said Agnes Ayres: "Long skirts will simplify the dances. Long steps cannot be done so well in them. Long skirts mean less wiggling and more real grace. Dancing will be quieter, easier, more really graceful."

May McAvoy is equally positive: "Long skirts will do away with the speed mania in dancing. I think a ballroom will be a much more decorous place."

Pola Negri loves the smooth and graceful waltz, in common with most Europeans.

"The short skirts made hopping and romping delightful," she said, "but for real grace I think the waltz is always queen of dances."

The men are in on this symposium, too.

Said Conrad Nagel: "I think a girl looks more graceful and beguiling in long skirts. Also I think she really dances better."

Said Theodore Kosloff, who is a professional dancer and therefore entitled to be heard:

THE LONG skirts cumber the limbs somewhat, and dancers will have to move with more precision. I believe that dancing will be standardized through the wearing of long skirts. Women will have to dance more or less alike, and so men won't be allowed so many variations. I think the ballroom will be more ideal."

Ralph Graves: "Long skirts will improve dancing, because men will be able to keep their minds on the dancing!"

Antonio Moreno: "Long skirts are one of the things that hasten the passing of jazz. Dancing will be more graceful, more really rhythmic, when jazz and short skirts are no more."

Barbara La Marr and others in Rupert Hughes' "Souls for Sale," held interesting views. Miss La Marr herself started her career as a professional dancer.

Said Miss La Marr: "Women will look far more graceful in dancing when—or if—long skirts become universally the vogue."

May Bush thinks things out for herself, too: "I don't think that either long skirts or short skirts will make dancing more decorous. I really believe the question is one of corsets. The uncorseted dancer is tempted to wiggle, inspired by the music and her sense of freedom."

Said Constance Talmadge: "Long dresses aren't going to affect dancing! Why? Because dresses aren't going to be long!"

Constance Talmadge, **popular screen star, and** ***Maurice*** **engage in the** ***Talmadge*** **fox-trot—quite a decorous affair.**

Rodolph Valentino **and** ***Agnes Ayres*** **are about to commence a** ***Castellaine*** **fox-trot (whatever that is) in which the hands are as important as the feet.**

So there!

Viola Dana, of the Metro forces, thinks that long skirts cramp one's style on the ballroom floor. In fact, she doesn't look forward to much fun in dancing any more.

"Most men who are good dancers are tall," said Viola. "They take long steps naturally, and a girl in long skirts cannot keep step with them."

Gladys Walton, of Universal, likes long skirts, on the other hand, to dance in.

I CAN wear a little hoop with a long skirt," said Gladys, "which serves as a sort of buffer when other dancers start to run into me and my partner."

Priscilla Dean isn't thinking so much of the decorum of long skirts, at least not since she has been wearing them. The fact is, poor Priscilla's bead bills have been something awful.

"You see," she said, "my two long ball dresses have beads on the panels. Every time I dance, the beads fly. Why, it sounds like a bead factory busting up! I guess maybe dancing is more modest in long skirts, but oh, dear!"

Constance and Norma Talmadge present a solid front against the skirt that is longer than six inches from the floor.

"We think," said Constance, nodding at her sister Norma, who nodded back, "that the old-fashioned long skirt is an insult to womanhood, its health and its independence. We don't think that the so-called immorality of the current dances has any-

(Continued on page 31)

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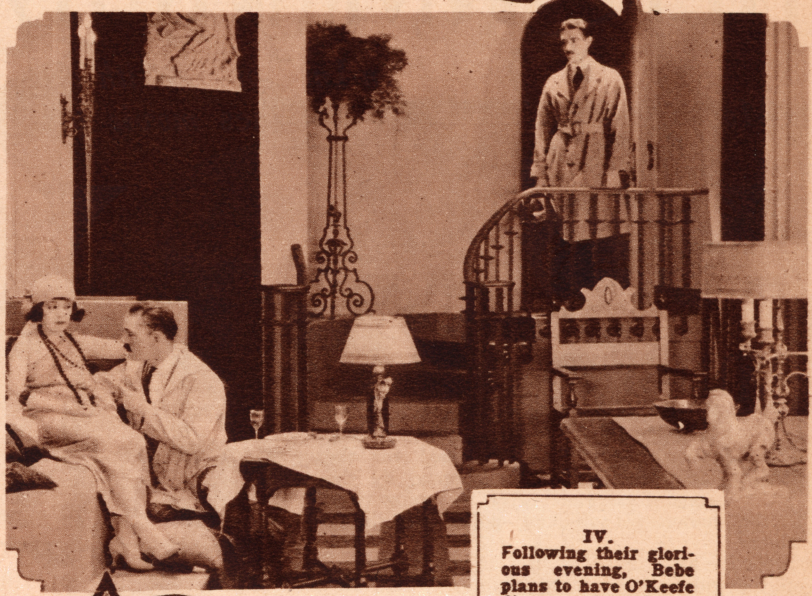
"While Paris Sleeps" A Story of Latin Quarter

I.
Henri Santadas (Lon Chaney), is a sculptor in the Latin Quarter of Paris. He harbors an unrequited passion for his beautiful model, Bebe Lavache (Mildred Manning).



IV.
Following their glorious evening, Bebe plans to have O'Keefe discover her in a compromising position with Santadas in order to fulfill her promise to his father.

II.
Bebe has met Dennis O'Keefe (Jack Gilbert), a young American, and loses her heart to her stalwart acquaintance.

V.
Santadas now villainously plots to have O'Keefe tortured in a Chamber of Horrors and to have Bebe listen to his agonies. She struggles with him to release O'Keefe.

III.
O'Keefe's father (Harden Kirtland) objects to his son's love affair and persuades Bebe to give him up. Bebe agrees provided she has one night of happiness with Dennis before they part.

VI.
The fanatic in charge of the Chamber of Horrors now turns upon Santadas and kills him. O'Keefe and Bebe are at last reunited in love.

I Always Like the Villain

An Interview With a Girl Fan By P. L. Atkinson

"Movie Weekly" reporter pursues *movie patron* and asks her for an *interview*---Here *it* is

Lowell Sherman, who counts his admirers by the score.

Lon Chaney is shown here in a particularly villainous mood—in which his admirers adore him.

"A man you'll love to hate." Eric Von Stroheim in *"Foolish Wives."*

MOVIE STARS have been getting the limelight long enough! We interviewers have been turning over all kinds of space to them, giving them a chance to air their views on everything—do they prefer orange juice to grape fruit for breakfast, and what do they think of Coue? So a feeling of positive repugnance swept over us as we went to interview Lillian Leightweight, the new feminine star in "The Blithering Blight." We knew just what Lillie would look like, just what she would say. Why ask her all the questions we already knew the answers to?

And suddenly the inspiration came to us!

Why not interview a fan—a real, live, movie fan—track one to its lair, to so speak, and wrest from it a sheaf of golden opinions, probably far more inspiring than any that might drop from the pretty lips of Lillie Leightweight.

So we laid in wait for a movie fan before the gilt doors of the Majestic Palace, a motion picture theatre of the first class in a select and quiet neighborhood, as the apartment house advertisements are so fond of saying.

At last our vigil was rewarded.

A fan emerged from the doorway, looked about cautiously to see if there were any interviewers about, and made her way up the street, followed by yours truly, skulking in the shadows. As we thus progressed, I could not help but admire this fan. She was a little beauty, about twelve hands high, with a quick, nervous step. She had a way about her, if you know what I mean.

When she went into an apartment house, three blocks away, I went in. When she stepped into the elevator, I stepped in. When she got off the elevator, I got off. When she produced a key and unlocked a door, I was at her elbow. Then she saw me and sensed the situation, but she did not register fear as she said: "Young man, are you following me?"

"Yes, I am," I said, lifting my hat gallantly. "I am an interviewer for the "Movie Weekly." You are a movie fan. I want to have a talk with you which we may publish in a forthcoming issue of our magazine. May I?"

"You may," she smiled. "Come right in."

Oh, what a relief to a poor, tired interviewer to walk into the neat and modest little house where dwelt the fan! No soft, shaded lights; no dizzy perfume; no incense; no tapestried walls; no rustle of silk or sheen of satin—but a real, honest-to-Sperry and Hutchinson home in the heart of a great city. Mates, it was piping grand.

"I do object to being called a fan," the young lady fluffed out her hair as she handed me a plate containing some home-made fudge. "The word 'fan' is a contraction of the word 'fanatic,' and I am not, I trust, a fanatic. Would you say so?"

"Oh, yes, no, indeed, or——" we stammered in our confusion. "Certainly not."

"But I do love pictures," she continued, "pictures with sense to them—only I don't like heroes, as a rule."

NOT LIKE heroes!" I cried. "Why, that is lese majesty. They are put into pictures for you to like, to idolize, in fact. And you don't like them!"

"I do not!" she said positively. "But, oh, how I dote on the villains! I'd rather have a husband like Lon Chaney or Stuart Holmes any day than one like——"

"Don't say it," I pleaded. "Don't thrust the iron into the soul of some idol of the screen who thinks you are dying of love for him. Please!"

"Oh, I haven't any favorite. There's Von Strosaid calmly, as another bit of delicious home-made fudge passed the pearly gates. "But honestly, don't you think, between you and me, that the villain is always the cleverer of the two in almost every picture you ever saw?

"The hero," she went on, "is so supercilious. He knows he is right, he's been told he is handsome, he takes such a high and mighty attitude toward those about him and he is usually rich in the bargain, so how can a woman's heart go out to him on the screen? He gets everything he wants, and no woman could stand it to have a man around her who is too perfect."

WE BRUSHED an imaginary speck of something or other off our coat sleeve.

"The villain, on the other hand," pursued our fair interviewee, "is usually poor, seldom handsome and always delightfully wicked. So long as he isn't downright low and mean, a girl's heart goes out to him just as a mother's heart goes out to an erring boy. At least mine does," she added.

"Who is your favorite—er—villain?" we asked.

"Oh, I haven't any favorite. "There's Von Stroheim with his perfectly villainous face; Stuart Holmes, he's charming; Von Seyffertitz with his long, lean, wolfish countenance and snaky expres-

(*Continued on page* 30)

Charmion Disappears

The Third Instalment of

"A Darling of the Rich"

Novelized by

Gladys Hall

From the Whitman-Bennett screen production starring

Betty Blythe

What has happened so far:

CHARMION WINSHIP (*Betty Blythe*), whose father has just died, leaving her in almost abject poverty, is an exquisitely beautiful girl who is utterly ignorant of life and love. When TORRENCE WELSH (*Chas. Gerard*), secretary to the richest man in America, proposes to her, she is sorely tempted to accept if only to get away from her poverty-stricken life and put to use the invention left her by her father. Welsh only desires to marry her for the purpose of obtaining the use of the invention for his employer,

PEYTON MARTIN (*Montague Love*), a rich and unprincipled man of business, who intends, by the use of these plans, to crush a young rubber company, at the head of which is

MASON LAWRENCE (*Leslie Austin*), who has refused to have any business dealings with Martin. He launches his company in the face of Martin's opposition, and his confidence is greatly shaken when he finds that his partner,

MIKE CALLAHAN (*Walter Walker*), intends to withdraw his support from the company unless Lawrence agrees to marry his daughter,

LIZZIE CALLAHAN (*Gladys Leslie*), whom he likes as a friend, but does not love. He agrees to the marriage, however, and Callahan goes home to bring the glad tidings to his daughter. Lawrence then takes his roadster out for a spin along the waterfront and, upon passing a lonely spot, he sees a woman lying in the surf, apparently dead. He rushes down to her and is amazed to find her the woman he has pictured all his life in his dreams. Too late, he realizes with a shock, he has found her.

IT SEEMED to Lawrence afterward, when he was back again in the stern realities of Wall Street, of his work, of his environment, that he must surely have dreamed the most of that few moments. He must have dreamed that they hung there suspended, the two of them, between the heavens and the earth, with the sea crooning to them as it had crooned to the First Woman and the First Man. Yes, surely, he must have dreamed it.

He must have dreamed that after awhile the rose came more strongly into her face. He must have dreamed that a quivering line of life animated the length of her exquisite body. He must surely have dreamed that when she opened her wonderful sapphire eyes they looked into his with the answer to his own wonder. He must have imagined in the heart of his longing that her pale lips moved and that she said, "Oh, it is you . . . it is you!"

Yes, surely, he must have dreamed it.

Things like this don't happen today. Today, when half the world is money and machinery and war. Today, when Romance has bled upon its last field of glory and women and men meet with curt clasps of the hand and deeds rather than dreams.

But it had seemed real, at the time . . .

It had seemed real when, in answer to her faint cry, he had bent his head and kissed her. He had given her his life in that kiss. She had given him her life in her kiss. She had given him a pledge. He had given her a pledge. For all time to come he must come first with her and she must come first with him.

He had raised his head from that kiss in time to see the figure of a young man bounding toward them. The young man was frightened and badly out of breath. He rushed on to them and kneeled by the prostrate girl:

"Charmion!" he cried out, "what on earth happened? This storm came up and you didn't come back and Aunt Jane was so frightened. What has happened?"

"Do you realize that your answer means continued poverty for yourself and your people? Have you considered how much I could help you?"

He turned to Mason Lawrence as though for an explanation: "I'm her brother," he said, "were you here? Has she met with some accident? What is it, sir?"

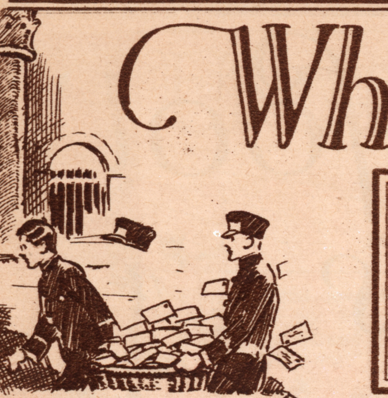
"As nearly as I can make out, "Lawrence said, remembering the fleeing figure of the child, "your sister jumped in to rescue a small boy and found herself in need of being rescued in turn. I didn't see what happened. I happened to be passing along the shore road here and saw a little boy running away and your sister lying on the sand dune. I think she is quite all right, except for being chilled and exhausted. Allow me to take you to your home."

Fred Winship was kneeling by Charmion. "Charm," he said, "can you walk? Can you make it? Gosh, what happened?"

CHARMION, still looking dazed and incredulous, struggled to her feet, her brother and Mason Lawrence helping her. She pushed the wet strands of her dark hair away from her face with her white, beautiful hand. "The little Phillips boy got carried out," she said. "I jumped in after him. The storm was coming up. When I reached him I found that he was quite all right and he made for the shore. I don't know what ailed me, but the tide seemed too much for me. I must have lost consciousness. When I came to, I found myself . . . I found myself . . ." She paused, abruptly, and a tide of color made her face lumin-

(*Continued on page 28*)

Where Fan Meets Fan



WHAT LOVE SCENE DID YOU LIKE BEST? AND WHY?

Everyone has a favorite picture—a picture that told the love story of his or her life. We would like to know what they are. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, "Movie Weekly," 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

The picture, "The Curse of Drink," has brought happiness to our family. You see, father drank very heavily.

Mother and I continually pleaded with father to stop his drinking, but in vain. He drank and drank and still drank.

Finally one day "The Curse of Drink," a picture with Marguerite Clayton as the leading lady, came to our town. As soon as I heard of it, I resolved to see it, and see it I did. It was the answer to our life's problem. But the difficult thing was to get father to see it. Finally, after much begging, he decided to see the picture which played such an important part in our lives. I shall never forget, as long as I live, the cry he uttered when little Miriam Battista fell down a flight of stairs all because her father was so stupefied with liquor that his brain refused to function. But why go into details, everyone of the fans who has seen it knows what a great lesson it teaches. When we got home that night, I could see that father was quite pale, and before I knew what it was all about, father had fallen at mother's feet and asked her forgiveness for all the misery he had caused. He promised faithfully that he would never touch a drop of liquor. You can imagine how happy mother and I were. It was hardly believable—just think of it, just a mere picture had changed the whole course of our lives.

In conclusion, I want to say that father has kept his word, with the result that we are all happy in the knowledge that he will never come home to us stupefied with liquor.

BERTHA BEAULIEU.

Another Life Problem Solved

All of my life, until I reached the age of about eighteen years, I had been a rather wealthy and comfortable little girl. Then my mother discovered that she had a "bad egg" for our business manager, and in one month's time I realized that he had lost nearly all that my father and uncle had stored for us.

Ever since then I have been a little pessimistic and discontented. The movies have been my salvation—not only has one movie helped me to solve my life's problem. I always feel ashamed of my discontentment when I leave a theatre.

But Elsie Ferguson in "The Outcast," has taught me to always look for the funny side of everything—as the poor "outcast" did in the picture. She had the attitude of "where there is life there is hope."

MAXINE WELLER.

In Memoriam

It is Thursday, January 18th. I am just reading what "Movie Weekly" has to say about Wallace Reid's case. The newsboys are out with tomorrow morning's paper. I have bought a paper. Wallace Reid is dead! How many hundreds, yes, even thousands of movie fans will experience the same depressed feeling I had when I read that.

One thing is certain—never as long as motion pictures exist will there be a player to take the place of Wallie in the movie public's heart. In my estimation he depicted in all his screen roles the true type of American manhood. Never did he act in a sordid story. Even his last act—that of breaking himself of the drug habit—proved to the world that he was a man in every sense of the word. He proved his wonderful will power—but, oh, at what a sacrifice! Wallace is gone.

Still his smiling personality will live forever, not alone in our memories, but also on the screen, thanks to the moving pictures. I would be so happy if tomorrow's papers would tell us that it is all a dreadful mistake, that Wallie is still with us and that it will not be long before we will see him in another good wholesome story. Nevertheless he has died a martyr to motion pictures—for was it not to finish a picture in record time that made him take to drugs as a last resort?

MARGARET G. CROSSON.

We bet *Julia Faye* is glad she's surrounded by all those vegetables and things. Otherwise it might be a little embarrassing, if not cold.

Censorship Hurts the Movies

I have been reading the articles in "Movie Weekly" by James Craig Gordon, and I fully agree with him on the movie situation. If the censors would close their eyes once more, the movies would peep out with a much brighter, smiling face. The censors will soon "cut" the kissing entirely, they have made the limit "ten feet" already. Pictures, started as five-reel subjects, will be "two-reelers" when the censors finish with them.

Who has seen any improvement since the censors have awakened? Nothing good has been accomplished, nothing but "cut-up" pictures have been shown. If our present censorship continues, the actresses will have to wear a coat that touches the floor to keep their pictures from being "cut." Our "good old summer-time" bathing scenes will be abolished.

I don't think we have a producer who would produce a really indecent picture. The laws would take care of the one that would. As Mr. Gordon says, "Will Hays may clean up Hollywood. He may restore financial stability among the producers. But neither Will Hays nor a thousand like him can breathe the breath of life into the picture drama after all its blood, all its vitality, has been sucked dry by the vulture of censorship." Mr. Hays might have improved the postal service, but I don't think he will ever do anything to improve the movies.

The fans can improve the pictures if they wish. They do not have to patronize the theatres that are showing what they think are indecent pictures. They can tell the manager what type of picture they want.

Now, if the censors will only close their eyes and sleep through the coming movie period!

Sincerely,

M. L. WILMER.

Quit Censuring the Stars

I want to express my sentiments regarding the manner in which your very interesting Fan Page is sometimes marred by the severe criticisms and unkind remarks made by some of the fans regarding the different popular stars they are not interested in.

If a popular star doesn't appeal to a fan, that is no reason why they should proceed to severely criticize him or her personally—and some fans have even gone so far as to censure them regarding their domestic difficulties.

Are any of us so thoroughly acquainted with the *true* tacts regarding the personal affairs of the different stars that we *dare* censure either party in their unhappy domestic difficulties? And even if we were, what business is it of ours, anyhow? Just as long as the stars are leading good clean, wholesome lives and are portraying their different roles to the best of their ability, we certainly should be satisfied without trying to throw a searchlight into their personal affairs.

Remember, the best of us are not really perfect, so let's have a more kindly feeling towards the stars, who are trying to please us, and look for their good qualities instead of forever searching for the little flaws which,, no doubt, all of us have, were we to take the trouble to start looking for them.

DOROTHY NICHOLLS.

Practice the Golden Rule

It seems to me the best answer to all life's problems is to "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." It applies to companies and corporations as well as individuals.

Take the case of the much-discussed Valentino, for instance. To me, it was not a crime in marrying under the circumstances he did. Had he not been set an example? It was only natural that he should want a home and a cultured and accomplished helpmate to share it.

But what of his company? If they had thought more of the fulfilling of the golden rule and less of the effect his marriage, etc., would produce, they would have been doing their duty and have fared better in the end.

Is not God able to raise up friends to help the stranger in a strange land?

T. B. TRIBBLE.

A Tribute to Wallie

A terrible tragedy has happened to pictures—the death of Wallie Reid. To his many admirers his death seemed a personal grief, like the loss of a dear friend. Wallie is dead—long live his memory!

ADELE JONES.

Ross and "Tenderfoot" Come to Blows

The Sixth Instalment of

The Cowboy and the Lady

From the Paramount screen version of the novel by

Clyde Fitch

Novelized by Margaret MacIvor-Tyndall

"Very well, *Mr. Ross*, if you're sure you won't listen to reason, we'll proceed."

What has happened so far:

JESSICA WESTON (*Mary Miles Minter*) unable to endure her husband's drunkenness any longer, forces him to accompany her to her ranch in Wyoming. She falls into a predicament while riding to the home of her neighbor

TEDDY NORTH (*Tom Moore*) a tenderfoot ranch owner, who rescues her and, finding himself unable to rid himself of the thoughts of her, realizes that he is in love. In the meantime his foreman

JOE BENDER (*Leonard Claphaven*) has been having trouble over the boundary fence line with Jessica's foreman

JOEL ROSS (*Gray Oliver*) who is the bully of the vicinity and who has moved the boundary fence from its original position, which thereby cuts a section of land from North's holding. Ross is in love with

MOLLY QUINN (*Viora Daniel*) the pretty proprietress of the town saloon, and who has been carrying on a flirtation with Jessica's husband

FRED WESTON (*Robert Schable*) who has lost nothing of his city manner through being on the ranch, and who has incurred Ross's emnity because of the affair with Molly.

SUMTHIN'S wrong with the boss," Joe confided to Midge a few mornings after Teddy's meeting with Jessica Weston on the marooned islet.

As Midge didn't answer immediately, Joe's tone took on an added tinge of anxiety.

"He's crazy in love with some woman. He keeps walkin' up and down and mutterin' to himself: 'You're in love, and with the wrong woman, Theodore,' that's himself. Did he—have you——" Joe paused, trying to peer into Midge's downcast face, but that autocratic young woman seemed unusually thoughtful.

Finally she raised her head, looking straight into the troubled eyes of the big, boyish foreman of the "Double V" ranch.

"Joe Bender," she declared vehemently, "you're up to your old trick of being jealous, and you think the boss has fallen for me, don't ya?"

Joe looked guilty, but did not answer, so Midge rubbed it in. "Now quit bein' silly. I'm not the only girl in the country and Mr. North ain't my kind and I ain't his kind, so that's that. But," Midge's voice softened, "he sure is in trouble and I'm that sorry for him I could cry."

Midge looked as if she was about to do just that little stunt, so Joe put a protecting arm about her shoulders.

But Midge didn't give way to tears. She was too thrilled with a discovery she had made.

"Can't you see, he's in love with Jessica Weston?" she demanded of Joe, without giving him a chance to reply. "I've known it ever since he came home the other day with his clothes all wet and told me about seein' an angel, and how her horse had strayed across the brook and he'd waded in an' brought the horse back and how the angel had smiled at him an' everythin'. Of course I knew it was Mrs. Weston, but he seemed so happy to think she was a visitin' near here I couldn't bear to tell him. I could see by the way he was ravin' about her beauty and her sweetness, that he was done for."

Joe looked at Midge in helpless adoration of her cleverness. How could she know so much? She was so smart she just could look right into people's minds. Joe's thoughts were dynamited out of his head by Midge's next remark:

"You see, I know how people feel when they're in love," Midge was saying, and as she said it she nestled closer in Joe's happy arms.

"Whaddaya mean, Midge?" Joe's voice was shaking with hope and wonder.

"Now, Joe, promise me you'll never get foolishly jealous again and let's try to help Mr. North, will you?"

Midge waited anxiously for Joe's answer.

"Sure!" was the emphatic reply.

"Well," began Midge in a hushed, confidential tone, "I saw Mr. North take a bunch of wildflowers and drive over to the Weston's. It was the next mornin' after he had been ravin' about the angel he'd met on the island. And pretty soon I seen him comin' back. He still had the wildflowers and I could tell he didn't know he had 'em an'——"

"How could you tell?" demanded Joe in wonderment.

"Oh, because, foolish," Midge laughed, "a woman can always tell, can't she? Anyway, Mr. North's head hung limp-like an' the flowers was kinda' fallin' all the way an' he didn't even see 'em. His head was way down low an' he looked just like a broncho that's been tamed. So I knew."

Joe understood. The description fitted his own case on the many occasions when Midge had declared angrily that "she hadn't no use for him a-tall!"

"Gosh!" Joe muttered. "I'm sure sorry for him!"

OF COURSE," resumed Midge with an air of great importance, "he found out who his 'angel' was an' he ain't eaten no breakfast since—not one mornin'," she finished excitedly.

"Well, that ain't but seven mornin's, anyway," Joe reminded her. "Many's the time I couldn't—" Midge interrupted him. "That's different. You knew I didn't mean it, an' anyway, I wa'nt married to another man—and him such a low-down excuse for a man, too." Midge's voice was heavy with scorn.

"He sure ain't much good," agreed Joe.

"Worse than that!" exploded Midge. "He's just plain mean and bad. He keeps hangin' around Molly's place and he steals jewelry from Jessica to give to Molly and everybody's talkin' about the way he's carryin' on." Midge's wrath was rising. She loved Jessica, as did everyone who knew her.

It came Joe's turn to confide.

"The boss told me not to mention it," he began

(Continued on page 29)

UNDER the COOPER-HEWITTS with The CAMERAMAN

LIGHTS! . . . We hear. That down in Huntsville, Alabama. On a Sunday not long ago. A certain church sent its Sunday School class. To witness a showing of "Lorna Doone." Yes, sir! Sent them right off to a local theatre. And gave them an eyeful of Madge Bellamy. Who, in our humble opinion. Is the most beautiful girl on the screen. And after the showing. The Sunday School class. Lined up outside of the theatre. And had its picture taken. Well! We do not laugh. To us, it seems too significant for laughter. It seems—to answer the crying need of many churches. A need that cries aloud from empty pews. We think. They're sensible folks. Down in Huntsville, Alabama.

RODOLPH VALENTINO. Has announced to the press. That seventy-five per cent of the motion pictures shown today. Are a brazen insult to human intelligence. The reason for which he assigns. To the fact that pictures in the overwhelming main. Are made by factory methods. And that it is not an art, but an industry. Well! We prefer to remain silent on this question. And refrain for once. From the expression of an arbitrary opinion. But we think the world of movie patrons. For those few words of Mr. Valentino's. Is and ever shall be. His eternal debtor.

LOUIS VICTOR EYTINGE. Has come out of prison. Back to the world of living men. After fifteen years' incarceration. In the state penitentiary. At Florence, Arizona. Where, among other things. He came to know O. Henry. During the sojourn of Eytinge. Within the walls. Many changes in the world without. Transpired. Buildings shot up—and up—and up. Into the sky. While automobiles. Became ubiquitous. And into this magic came Eytinge. After fifteen years removed from everything. Did he marvel? Not he. For it was not new to Eytinge. He had seen it all before. Inside the walls. In motion pictures.

ENGLISH EXHIBITORS. So it is reported. Have threatened a boycott. On American films. Throughout London. That are shown elsewhere than in movie theatres. Being opposed, it seems. To the custom of men like David Wark Griffith. Who display their wares in regular theatres. The same as stage plays. Well, this is the spirit. That occasioned the Boston Tea Party. That opposed the construction. First of iron ships. And then of steel ships. That—but why enumerate? Progress—thy name is America!

MACK SENNETT. According to the press. Announces that the crying need of the screen. Is better stories. Ideas, he says. For unhackneyed stories. Are the weakest link in the chain. Of picture-making. As scarce as hens' teeth. Which we think is absolutely correct. On top of which we read. That "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Is to be made into a motion picture. Well! It may be that the Robert W. Service poem. Will make a good motion picture. We shall certainly go to see it. In all events. But there's one thing that the story of it won't be. Whether you like it, Mr. Sennett, or not. And that is. Unhackneyed.

GUY BATES POST. Says that the new year. Throughout the world of films. Shows indications of fulfilling its highest and noblest purpose. Or words to that effect. In educating and amusing. The masses of mankind. Conscience, says Mr. Post. Should be the watchword of the industry. Which is all very well. But just for the sake of an argument. Lets us say. What good is conscience. To a Dyak head-hunter? Conscience, we think. Is only good. To those who possess it. And those who possess it. Do not need it.

OUT IN LA PORTE. Indiana. The judge of the speeders' court. Who apparently has an imagination. Recently sentenced some violators of the speed laws. To see "Manslaughter." A picture, the story of which. Concerns the taking of human life. By a reckless motorist. It was an ingenious penalty. The judge imposed. And one which easily might have been a severe one. For there have been pictures. Which to have to see. We should certainly have considered. Punishment.

LOUELLA PARSONS. In the Morning Telegraph. Remarks that she recently. Witnessed a small boy. Reading a book in the subway. A book by the sometime Horatio Alger, Jr. And it occurred to Miss Parsons to wonder. Just why some enterprising producer. Did not put the Alger stories on the screen. As an inspiration and a guide. To Young America. Ah, me. Does Miss Parsons know. That the board of a certain well-known library. Recently barred the Alger works from its shelves. Because, as they phrased it. Of their "extreme mediocrity." Would this, however. Bar them from the screen? It never has. But the world, they say. Is moving.

J. G. BACHMAN. Of Preferred Pictures. Has returned from the Coast. Bearing optimistic reports. About the film activities there. Says Mr. Bachman. Picture production on the West Coast. Is a different proposition than formerly. Guesswork being done away with. Among the producers. So that the business of making pictures. Is now an exact science. Or nearly so, anyway. Well! We've often wondered. What accounted for the poor pictures we've seen. In oh, such harrowing numbers! Thank you, Mr. Bachman for having solved the problem. Guesswork was the missing word.

JEANIE MACPHERSON. The scenario writer. Has come east. To vacation in Manhattan. Claiming that little old New York. Is a better tonic for frazzled nerves. Than the peace and quiet of the country. Which reminds us. That one Finis Fox. Another scenario writer. Announced not long ago. That he did his best work. In the midst of terrific racket. Like boiler factories. Ah, me. How arbitrarily are we denied. The opportunity for rising to fame and greatness. Through conditions such as these. Because the company for which we work. Recently purchased and installed. Ten thousand dollars' worth. Of noiseless typewriters.

Will the Censors Knock the Devil Out of "Faust"

(*Continued from page 5*)

With Mephistopheles as his companion, Faust saunters forth to the village square, where a country fair is in progress. The Devil, attired in the dress of a gallant, offers to sing a song for the drinkers and merry-makers. In the opera, after the diabolically suggestive introduction by the orchestra, one hears the tempter's brazen song in praise of Bacchus, the god of wine and pleasure.

Here, again, perhaps, the hand of the censor may take a part. Or will the scissors tarry a moment to cut from the story an expose of the Devil's magic power over humans? Perhaps this may be construed as a profanation of miracles. And yet, today, in our own midst, we have watched human hands and minds perform that which is nigh unto a miracle with no cry of "sacrilege" upon our astonished lips.

IT IS AT this point of the drama that Mary Pickford, in her film version of "Faust," will enter. Whoever plays the movie Faust against her may well echo the lines of the operatic character, who upon seeing Marguerite for the first time, exclaimed:

"High-born and lovely maid,
Forgive my humble duty,
Let me, your willing slave,
Attend you home today?"

One can almost picture our Mary replying:

"No, my lord, not a lady am I,
Nor yet a beauty;
And do not need an arm,
To help me on my way."

But Faust is not to be cast away so easily. Mephisto whispers in his ear that her words are but a maiden's way of flirting. The fair scene ends, leaving Faust burning with a fever of passion for Marguerite.

That night Marguerite's garden is soft with the light of a round orange moon. Siebel, her young lover, awaits her appearance, brooding over the dark prophecy that Mephistopheles has told him. The Devil has frightened the boy by saying that every flower he touches will wither. A test proves the truth of the evil spirit's words. But later, a few drops of holy water break the spell of darkness that the prophecy has cast over him.

It is in this same garden later, as the moon reaches fullness, that Marguerite's betrayal occurs. Goethe, the master, has set it down in throbbing words:

"Marguerite—I tremble all over.

"Faust—Oh, tremble not. Let this look, let this pressure of the hand say to thee what is unutterable!—to give ourselves up wholly, and feel a bliss which must be eternal! Eternal!—its end would be despair! No! No end! No end!"

(Marguerite presses his hands, breaks from him and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then runs after her.)

The Devil and Martha, his companion of the moment, enter the lower garden, witnessing this scene. Martha is asking:

"And, our pair of lovers?

"Mephisto—Have flown up the walk yonder . . . wanton butterflies!"

Later, Marguerite, having drunk deep from the chalice of love, finds herself pondering why it is that she can forgive herself the very thing she once thought unforgivable in woman.

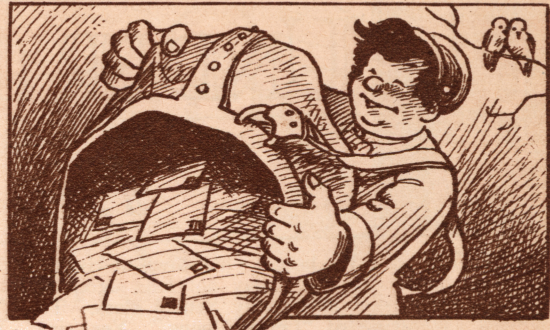
"How stoutly I could formerly revile, if I saw a poor maiden make a slip! How I could never find words enough to speak another's shame! How black it seemed to me! and, blacken it as I would, it was never black enough for me—and, blessed myself and felt so grand, and now I am a prey to sin! Yet—all that drove me to it, was, God knows, so sweet, so dear!"

So communed Marguerite with herself.

SURELY you can see where this role will give Mary Pickford one of the most splendid chances in the world to display her artistry as an actress. She will, I think, make a very wistfully beautiful screen Marguerite.

(*Continued on page 28*)

Ramon Novarro Is Still Unmarried, Girls!



My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color HER eyes are, or what may be HIS hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 1926 Broadway, New York City.

NOTICE

Golly! Gee Whiz! All you "question marks" have got me backed right up against the wall. Every letter that comes in has got either "Please let me see my answer in the very next issue," or else "I must have an answer real quick or I'll die." Now I ask you fair and square, how can I give an answer to a letter like that when "the very next issue" is already on the newsstand when I receive the letter, and two more issues after that are already in print. For the love of pickles, be reasonable! I have explained on this page many times and take this opportunity of doing so again, that you cannot reasonably expect to see your answer published until five weeks after the date of your letter. Now, please, like good, nice, kind readers, take pity on an old man and don't ask me to do impossible things, cause, even if I have got lots of patients, like a busy doctor, I can't do what you ask, and therefore I shed bitter tears and salt water is bad for my whiskers.

BRUNETTE—I was feeling in a dark mood when I started to answer queries today, so I picked on a dark-haired girl to lead the list of answers. What could be more appropriate? Why was I in a dark mood? Say, you'd be the same if you had six letters, all on the same day, and all asking you whether Ramon Novarro and Rodolph Valentino were brothers! Now, I ask you! Ramon Novarro is popularly supposed to be Rodolph's rival, but Famous Players brought Charles de Roche to this country to replace Valentino. So you can take your choice. Whichever one you like best you can call Rodolph's rival. I am sure Rodolph won't care much.

GRAY EYES—So you're in love with me. Oh, be still my fluttering heart, be still! That makes two of us that are in love with me. I don't believe that you love me as much as you like Rodolph Valentino, though, do you? Well, of course, I can't blame you, for you have seen Rodolph and you haven't seen me. But when you do! Jack Holt is fond of horseback riding and has brown eyes, though that has nothing to do with the riding. He has three children, boys and girls. Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

JAZZ BERRY—Very glad to hear from you. I know your brothers, Huckle and "Razz," very well; especially "Razz." I meet with him quite often. Bebe Daniels is not old, so how can I answer any question that asks how old she is. She is 21 years young, if that will do you. And furthermore, she "ain't got no" husband, so I don't know who he is, either. Bebe is very fond of horseback riding and goes out for a canter at every opportunity. I'll bet you thought her favorite hobby was being chased by the Los Angeles "speed cops," didn't you? Norma Talmadge is just four years older than Bebe. I'll leave you to guess her age. You ought to be able to figure that out in about 2 or 3 days.

TWO FLAPPERS—Oh, I think Flappers are so cute. Do you wear "Goulashes" and all that? So you're "flappy" about Ramon Novarro, are you? Well, he is 22 and is unmarried, so if you happen to "flap" around him, you might have a chance to become Mrs. Ramon. He is interested in athletics of all sorts, so you had better bring your football and tennis racquet with you when you see him. Address him 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Watch for "Trifling Women." I know you will enjoy it. Novarro shows himself to be even better than you might suppose from his performance in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

FOURTEEN—When you folks come in with your "fourteens, sixteens and seventeens," I feel just like I was talking to a pack of cards. Viola Dana is the widow of the late John Collins. Katherine MacDonald told me to let you guess her age and she would give a slice of indestructible chewing gum, if you guessed right. Fairbanks is 39, and Mary Miles Minter, 21. Olga Petrova said her age is less than half of what it will be twice as long from now. I hope you can understand that, for I must confess that I don't.

BETTY SEN—My dear Betty, your letter was almost like a story on "Why Girls Leave Home." So you think that any woman would be glad to get rid of her husband after she has had him for a while, do you? Well, I don't agree with you. You've heard, haven't you, that cheese improves with age? Well, would you class a husband as being less than a cheese? If you are so anxious for Norma Talmadge to act in Paramount pictures, why don't you write to her and tell her so. I showed her your letter and tried to persuade her to go over to them, but she said she is satisfied where she is, so you'll have to take the matter up with her for yourself. You can write her at 1540 Broadway, New York. I am glad that you couldn't think of dozens of questions to ask me, for then where would all my space go to? I wouldn't have enough to go all round, and then I'd have a bunch of angry questioners camping on my trail like a tribe of Comanche Indians.

SUGAR BABY—And are you all gooey and everything, like sugar babies usually are? I hope not, cause then I might get stuck on you and my wife would probably get sore. Earl Metcalf can be reached care of the Lambs' Club, 130 W. 44th St., New York. He has brown hair and blue eyes, and is 5 ft. 11 in. high. Yes, I think he would send you his picture. I don't know about Valentino sending one. You see, he is really so busy these days that I wouldn't say whether or not he is receiving any fan mail at all. Write Claire Windsor at 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. I noticed you signed your letter "Gratefully yours." I think I can improve on that by signing mine "Gracefully yours, The Colonel."

H. G. (SILLS ADMIRER)—What do you mean. "Don't I think Sills is some lover?" How should I know, I've never been made love to by him? I should think that would be the real test of whether or not a man is a great lover. I should hate, though, to have Milton make love to me. Now, if it were Betty Compson, or some other screen beauty, I wouldn't mind being a "love tester" one little bit. In fact—ssh!—I believe I'd like it! Milton Sills is a Chicagoan. Bet you don't know what that is. If you will write again and enclose a left-handed Jews-harp, I might tell you the answer. I couldn't get him to tell me his age at all, so I suspect he doesn't know it himself.

BLUE-EYED CURLEY—You don't mean to tell me that your blue eyes are curley, do you? All my life I've been looking for a girl with curley blue eyes. Yes, Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland. I hated to have to tell you, because it might break your heart, but I just had to. He is 42. I don't know whether or not he will send you his picture, but you might write him care of the Friars' Club, 110 West 48th St., New York.

AN IDOLIZER, ADORER AND LOVER OF RUDY—Hot dog, lady, that's a large order for one girl to fill. You don't leave much room for anyone else, do you? Do I think there is anyone else who loves him as much as you do? Dear girl, there are exactly 75,564,195 and a half others who are just as wild about him. Don't know just what his program will be, but there is a rumor to the effect that Famous Players have dropped their suit against him, and that he is to make pictures for Joseph Schenck. You are way behind the times. Every magazine is just crammed from cover to cover with pictures and stories of Rodolph. Did you like that picture of him on our cover for the January 27th issue? No, I did not see the item in the Boston *American* you refer to. I am kept so busy night and day answering the stars' admirers, that I don't ever get a chance to read any news. I hope this has assuaged your anguish and that you will be able to get some rest now.

GOLDEN-HAIRED STELLA — So you look like Wanda Hawley, do you? You certainly are a very lucky girl. I used to think I looked like Valentino, till somebody very harshly told me different. When you write to Miss Hawley again, address her c-o Fox Studios, 1417 Northwestern Ave., Hollywood. You think I'm wonderful and so do I. That makes us all shipshape, as the father said when he cut off his little boy's head to cure him of squinting.

MARGIE—I suppose I could spring the old one about you being the original party about whom the popular song was written, but I won't. So you want to know why Joe Striker's name does not appear on our pages more often. Well, you see, it would be rather silly for us to just print his name without having some news about him to connect up with it, wouldn't it? We do not publish "Motion Picture Magazine," so I can't talk for them. If you want to see his name so badly, you might write to him at the Lambs' Club, 130 W. 44th St., New York, and ask him to get into the news some way or another, and then we can print a story about him.

CLOTILDE MELENDRE—Sure is gratifying to receive such kind New Year's greeting from far away Porto Rico. I got all puffed up when I received your card, and ran all over the office showing it to anyone who cared to look. It's a wonder they didn't shove me into the "booby hatch." However, as a certain great man says, "I thank you."

THE DUCHESS (London, Eng.)—Ye Gods, my fame has spread! I'm going to ask the boss for a raise immediately. I need a haircut; mine is too long even for a genius. Thomas Meighan is 38 years old, weighs 170 lbs., is 6 ft. tall, and has black hair and brown eyes. Anita Stewart is 26, weighs 115 lbs., is 5 ft. 3' in. tall, and has brown hair and eyes. Jack Mulhall is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, weighs, 150 lbs., and has brown hair and eyes. He is mum on all questions about his age. You seem to want to know these actors in case you happen to bump into them on the street.

TWO JAYHAWKERS—Twenty-two years ago, amid the jangling of tambourines and the rattle of castinets, Ramon Novarra was born in sunny Mexico. Had you been there at the time, you would have noticed that his eyes were like twin pools of ink. Of course, he had no hair at that time, but when the first indications of it began to appear, they were of a color that matched his eyes perfectly. At this time of his life, he weighs about 135 lbs. and stands 5 ft. 9 in. flatfooted. No designing female has as yet wrapped her love tendrils about him, enveloping him in the more or less holy bonds of matrimony. Address him c-o Metro Studios, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

V. H.—You have hit upon an awful problem in asking for Norma Talmadge's husband's picture. That is something that everyone has been trying to get for a long time, but he never would consent to having his picture published. He is so modest that he would have to blush every time he saw it and his life would become a constant series of blushes, which might be bad for his constitution. When I got your letter, I rushed straight out to see him with it to try and convince him that the great public wanted to see his classic countenance in print, but it was no use. He said that he was very sorry not to be able to oblige his kind friends, but that he must refuse. So, you see, there is nothing doing. Both Leatrice Joy and Betty Blythe have dark hair. Leatrice was born in New Orleans.

Sincerely yours,
The Colonel

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Marie Prevost's Adventure

Poor Marie Prevost! She has been haunted by a fearful dread the past few months. She could hardly go to bed at night without fearing that someone was hiding under the bed or in the closet, or sit down to a meal without suspecting that there was poison in her soup.

But now Marie's all smiles again. Her bugaboo has been dissipated—or rather—arrested. Carl Mains, the cause of the anguish in the Prevost household, wrote threatening letters for weeks to Miss Prevost, and he hung around the house night after night and Marie couldn't get rid of him. Finally she became so nervous that she had to turn him over to the police.

Carl Mains says it was all a joke, but you can't blame Marie for failing to split her sides laughing at it!

Theda Bara to Go to Hollywood

Theda Bara is to make Hollywood her new vamping ground. With other Selznick stars, she is going to Los Angeles in April, and her present plans are to spend several months a year in the west.

Since she was in Los Angeles four years ago, Miss Bara has visited Europe, made her stage debut, and married Charles Brabin, the director. That's enough to keep anyone busy for four years!

During her last stay in the city of Angels—now isn't that the sweetest name for a picture colony? — Miss Bara occupied the house on West Adams Street that Arbuckle later made famous.

Nazimova to Go Abroad

Nazimova is to flit back to her home territory at the end of the run of her new play, "Dagmar," which she thinks will be some time in May. She will visit London, Paris, and she hopes to reach her native town in Russia, though that's rather a feat nowadays. You never know, if you succeed in getting in, whether you'll succeed in getting out, so it's a risky business. Nazimova isn't going to make any pictures abroad, she's just going to have a good time.

But Monte Didn't Mind

Well, Monte Blue certainly is the lucky man—at least, most men would think so. He got a kiss from a beautiful—and perfectly strange lady—right out in public. In fact, it was very, very public, the lobby of the Alexandria Hotel, in Los Angeles, to be exact.

Monte was standing there, with no idea of anything mysterious or thrilling happening to him, when up rushed a young lady, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him soundly, right on the mouth. Monte drew back to face a girl he had never seen before.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" she demanded indignantly.

"Why, yes," Monte said politely, "but——"

Suddenly the the young lady gave a little scream as she scanned Monte's face more closely.

"Why, I—I thought you were Rod La Rocque," she gasped, blushing.

"No," admitted Monte quite—quite regretfully.

Monte and Rod La Rocque look so much alike they are often mistaken for each other. But now the gossips are after Rod La Rocque. They want to know, quite reasonably, just who it is whom Mr. La Rocque is on public kissing terms with!

If *Marie's* costume is the latest in bathing suits, we daren't go near the water. A suit like this costs too much money!

Margaret Loomis to Change Her Name

Margaret Loomis, well-known in movie circles, is going to take the fateful step. She's going to be married. The bridegroom is a well-known business man of Los Angeles, E. I. Crook, who is making a fortune in the gas tractor business. They say the wedding is to be soon.

And they say also that Margaret's mamma isn't very free with her blessing. She wants Margaret not to marry, but to keep on with her career. You can't blame her, can you, if she is wondering whether the gas tractor business will be much of an inspiration for work under Kleig lights?

Two Real Heroes

Talk about your screen heroes and heroines —Jack Hoxie and Priscilla Bonner are the real stuff. It happened in connection with a fire at Keen's camp, California. Priscilla Bonner, who was playing the lead in the Hoxie production, "The Fog Man," was rooming with the child actress, Dorine Turner, at the inn.

On the fateful night, Miss Bonner was preparing for bed, and the child was in the bathtub. Someone called out "Fire! Get out quick!"

"I was panicky," said Miss Bonner. "I started to run, forgetting all about Dorine in my fright, when I looked up; there she stood, dripping, at the bathroom door, crying, 'God will take care of good little girls!'

"I threw a coat around her and started out. Just then there was an explosion and the lights went out. Dorine kept up her trembling cry, 'God will take care of good little girls!' I made another start and reached the door.

"But Jack Hoxie was the real hero. The explosion had come from a shack where two Esquimo dogs were chained near a store of gasoline. Jack rushed into the shack, grabbed the dogs, and just as he landed outside in a safe spot, the rest of the gasoline exploded and the shack burst into flames.

"Jack and his cowboys practically saved the forest thereabouts. They cut down trees in the path of the flames, working like Trojans for several hours."

So, girls, if you have Jack Hoxie as your favorite movie hero, at any rate, he's a real one!

Mae Murray's Plans

Now that spring is on its way, there will be the annual flutter in screen circles toward Europe. Mae Murray will be one of the first to go. She has long set her heart on going abroad, but the opportune moment never arrived. If he can get away, her husband, Robert Leonard, will go, too; in any event. Dagmar Godowsky, Frank Mayo's wife, will go with her.

A Darling of the Rich

(*Continued from page 22*)

ous. Lawrence knew what had been on her lips. She had found herself in his arms. His kiss had greeted her awakening and she had uttered the most mysterious words he had ever heard, when she had answered him heart to heart by saying, "Ah, it is you . . . it is you!"

Fred Winship turned to him with an assumption of youthful dignity and protection. "I can take my sister home, sir, quite all right," he said, "in fact, if we cut across the dunes here we are closer to the house than we would be if you took us back along the road. There is—er—no—er—necessity of your troubling yourself any longer!"

Lawrence watched Charmion and he saw a faint dimple show at the corner of her mouth. He knew that she was secretly amused at her brother. He knew that she was innerly amused at the assumption of there having been any necessity of trouble. She knew, then, as he knew, that for that brief moment they had been in a perfect communion. A perfect accord.

OUT FOR the present there was nothing more to be said. After that wonderful moment on the shore, he could not bring himself to say some commonplace to her. He could not mouth such an idiocy as: "I shall hope to see you again," or something of the sort. No. They had been too close for that. She must know that he more than hoped for that. She must know that, of course, they would meet again . . . sometime . . . somewhere.

He stood and watched her as she moved away with her young brother, walking, he thought, as the pale sea grasses move, lightly and strongly.

That night he returned to his office and wrote a letter to a local photographer at Sandy Point. He told him that he wanted names and photographs of all the girls living in and about Sandy Point.

When Torrence Welsh came, the next day, for his answer, Charmion met him on the sand dunes. She was sitting a bit apart from the spot where *He* had found her yesterday.

She was looking out to sea, but water and sky were blended in her mind into the image of *His* face.

Welsh approached her confidently. He had figured out that his chances were ten to one in the right direction.

Charmion Winship was not only beautiful, she was wise as well. She saw perfectly the advantage of marrying him. She knew that money counted more than love. These "country girls!" Welsh grinned to himself. They were, more often than not, more worldly wise than the city girls. They had had time to think things out. They knew what they wanted. Charmion wanted riches. She had said so.

He was buying her with gold, with satin and with fur. He knew that. He grinned again, cynically. Oh, well, most of the men of his acquaintance bought the woman, or the women, they wanted, and most of them didn't get so much for their money at that. And then there would be the patent thrown in. If that proved to be anything at all, he would be free of his slavery to Peyton Martin. He would be able to dictate terms to others. Charmion held for him the golden key to his whole life's opportunity.

SHE SAT quite still on the sand when he came up. He noted, with amusement, that his presence was no thrill to her. She was wholly passive.

"Have you thought it all over, Charm?" he asked. He tried to make his voice very gentle when he talked with her. He remembered Peyton Martin's advice.

"Yes." Charmion's voice was cool, cool and green like the sea. She felt apart. She felt miles and miles away from him.

"And your answer is——?"

"It is—'*No!*'"

Torrence Welsh felt a recoil of anger. She was so beautiful and so detached. She didn't know what this all meant to him, in dollars and desire. She might have been telling him that she couldn't dine with him that night.

He moved nearer to her. "'No?'" he repeated, almost incredulously. "Do you mean that, Charmion?"

"Absolutely."

The girl sat as if in a trance. She was like a statue.

"Do you realize what this means? Do you know that it means continued poverty for you, your Aunt, your little sisters and your brother? Have you taken everything into consideration? Do you realize how much I could help you with your father's patent? Charmion, do you know that I love you?"

"I am sorry for you if you do," she said, turning slightly toward him at the last; "I am sorrier for that than for any of the other considerations. Oh, not that I've forgotten them, or that they mean less to me than they did . . . the baby's back, I mean, and Fred's chance and all. But . . . well, really, I can't explain to you what I am almost unable to explain to myself. I can only repeat my answer. It is '*No.*'"

Torrence Welsh lit a cigarette with a hand that trembled perilously. He had the absurd notion that the girl had come to know what love really meant, but that, of course, was impossible. Yesterday, she had been unawakened. Why should today be different?

"I wish you would go," Charmion said, speaking softly. "It will be easier so. You have been very kind—very kind, indeed. I wish you could be my friend, but I know that you can't be. Please say good-bye to me. This—this sort of thing is painful."

Torrence Welsh scrambled to his feet with less dignity than was his wont. He wished that she were not so beautiful. If she had been less overpoweringly beautiful he might have been able to treat her contemptuously. A mere country girl, untutored and unlearned, with an unproved "scrap of paper" as her sole dowry. But he somehow couldn't hate her. Not just then. Besides, many women say "No" at first.

As he walked home, he toyed with that hope. Perhaps when he had gone, thus finally and completely, she would be sorry. She would regret. She would realize that she might never again have such an opportunity. If he returned in the morning, he might meet with another answer. He would stay one more night in the miserable dump in the village and put his fortunes once more to the test—in the morning.

IN THE morning Aunt Jane opened the door for him. Her head was tied up in a towel and she had a broom in her hand. She looked a bit frightened and nervous. The children huddled around her, wide-eyed and wondering.

"I have called to see Miss Winship," Welsh said, in his always punctilious manner.

"Charmion has disappeared!" said Aunt Jane.

(*Continued next week*)

Will the Censors Knock the Devil Out of "Faust"

(*Continued from page 25*)

With swift strides time fleets by for Marguerite and Faust. Their love dominates their lives. But they do not marry and, later, the Devil intrigues him away. Valentine, her brother, comes back from the war and learns the truth about his sister. There is a duel of honor in which Valentine, wounded mortally, sinks down upon the flagstones of the sidewalk dying—a curse for Marguerite upon his last breath.

Abandoned, deserted by all, the lonely girl falters to the cathedral and, with a sobbing heart, falls prostrate before the altar, supplicating High Heaven. But Mephistopheles, arch-demon, taunts her prayers by a mocking laugh. Farrar in this church scene has moved many thousands. Miss Pickford no doubt thrills right now in anticipation of doing that very scene.

In a subsequent frenzy, Marguerite destroys her child. She is imprisoned. When grief and remorse have driven her insane, she is visited by Faust and the Devil, who have defied bolts and bars to see her.

As the full measure of his own guilt comes to him, Faust cries out to Marguerite, begging her to flee with him. Again, the Devil interferes. He calls attention to the approach of the jailers. Marguerite prays to God for new strength. Faust begs her to leave with him. Angels appear announcing that Marguerite is saved. Mephistopheles, dragging Faust with him, disappears into a fiery canyon!

AND SO ends the story of "Faust," which Mary Pickford is getting ready to picturize. For the sake of art and literature, let us hope that her triumph will be as great as those of Melba, Alda and Farrar. If it is such a triumph for little Mary, then will the screen be glorified.

As to those who will share the dramatic burden of transposing this operatic masterpiece to the silver screen, I have little knowledge except that which comes through the medium of indefinite rumors. However, if Miss Pickford made me casting director for this production, I am inclined to believe that George Arliss would be my Mephistopheles and perhaps Lewis Stone would play Faust.

Reporters Kiss Star's Hand

(*Continued from page 18*)

Dashing down to an antique shop, Miss Livingstone rented all the "props" that would give atmosphere to the modern hotel suite and make of it a salon of the Louis XV period.

Miss Norma, who is known as a "quick study," soon had her part letter perfect. So, when the flower of the American press assembled in her ante-chamber, expecting to write the usual conventional interview, they were met by Miss Livingstone, who told them that Miss Talmadge was indisposed, and that her physician had forbidden her to talk, but that she, Miss Livingstone, would supply the details of the trip and perhaps it would interest them to know that Miss Talmadge had spent most of her time abroad making a study of Du Barry. That she had actually lain in the very bed in Versailles in which Du Barry had slept.

"And," continued Miss Livingstone, "if you will tarry but a moment, the Countess—I mean Miss Talmadge, will receive you." At this moment, a flunkey, in powdered wig and in the livery of the French Court opened the doors to the grand salon and the forty writers tiptoed in.

The sight that met their eyes made a profound impression. Seemingly they had been transported, as on the magic carpet, into a bit of another country. There, in regal state, in a replica of the very bed in which Du Barry received, lay Miss Talmadge. The only modern touch was a bouquet of tall American Beauty roses which were tied to the bedpost. Miss Talmadge looked exquisite. Her coiffure done a la Du Barry. There were rich tapestries adorning the steps which led up to the dais on which the bed rested and blended into the color scheme perfectly. As Miss Livingstone advanced to present the guests, Miss Talmadge in a very natural manner held out her hand to be kissed.

The first guest, who was really an old actor and had been engaged to pose as a writer, advanced with all the studied grace of a courtier and, dropping on one knee, gravely kissed the little white hand. Now, such is mass psychology, that all present followed suit. One after the other of the most clever and brilliant journalists fell for this hokum.

Oh, naughty, naughty Beulah.

You, who look so child-like; you, with your soft voice and innocent eyes; to deliberately hoodwink these astute writers, don't you know that the American press is the very bulwark of the nation and to trifle with its sacrosanct precepts is perfectly horrid of you? Don't you know that all press agents are paragons of truth? And just to punish you, I'm going to devote my next instalment to telling the world how you publicized the Castles, Pavlova and Petrova.

(Another instalment of Arthur Leslie's "Confessions of a Movie Press Agent" will appear in an early number.)

The Cowboy and the Lady

(Continued from page 24)

in a lowered tone, "and I hain't said nothin' to nobody, but I'm goin' to tell you." Joe looked about furtively and hesitated.

Midge, in eager anticipation of forbidden information, shook his arm impatiently, "Well, hurry up—what is it?" she demanded.

Joe, only too glad to unburden his mind to sympathetic ears, obeyed with alacrity.

"You remember the other mornin', when Ross came over an' wanted to see the boss about the boundary fence?"

Midge nodded.

"Well, Ross got what was comin' to him that time, all right." Joe chuckled and grinned as if at some pleasant recollection. "He sure did get what he needed. It was like this: Ross began talkin' insultin' langwidge to the boss. 'You change that bound'ry fence an' do it mighty quick, or I'll change you're face,' says he.

"The boss never looked a bit ruffled, an' I was crazy to sail into that bully Ross, but the boss he waved me aside and says he: 'Joe, I'll settle this question,' and then he began takin' off his coat. You know how he looked, more like he was posin' for them there movie pictures than invitin' a real fight, an' Ross was sneerin' at him, callin' him 'a white-livered dude' an' everythin'."

"But he ain't!" interjected Midge.

"You betcha life he ain't!" Joe agreed. "All the boss said to Ross was: 'Very well, if you're sure you won't listen to reason, Mr. Ross, then we'll proceed.'"

MIDGE was excitedly shifting from one foot to the other in anticipation of the outcome of Joe's story.

"An' the boss licked the bully, didn't he?" she queried.

"Did he? I'll say he did!" Joe's chest swelled as if he, himself, had been the hero of the fight. "With the last word, 'proceed,' the boss sure proceeded. He gave Ross one staggerin' blow right under his jaw. You never seen so astonished a man as Ross in your life. He'd 'uv laid down his hand right then and there, but he'd took Colorado Pete along with him, to see him get an easy vict'ry over 'the tenderfoot,' an' Colorado let out a 'guffaw' that ya could hear for a mile. So Ross, he had to make a showin', and he came to and tried to jab into the boss's ribs, but say——" Joe stopped to scratch his head with excited fingers, "he didn't have as much chance as a steer roped for brandin'! The boss, he just natch'ally licked Hell outa' that big stiff, an' he done it without rufflin' a hair."

Joe had to stop. He was almost bursting with pride. Finally he resumed in a disgusted tone:

"Whaddaya think?"

Midge shook her head. She was too delighted to think, so Joe concluded:

"The boss made us all promise not to tell nobody. An' he even shook Ross's hand an' says he: 'Mr. Ross, this affair is between us four and I strongly advice every one present—meanin' me and Colorado and him and Ross—to forget it.' An' so the fence stays right where it is, but——" Joe's pause was significant.

"I know," smiled Midge. "Colorado Pete has spread the glad tidings, all right, 'cause I'm sure Jessica knows about it. When I went over yesterday to ask her about the picnic we're all goin' to next week up to Jackson's Hole, she said to me: 'Midge, Mr. North is a good deal of an athlete, I understand.' An', of course, I didn't know what she meant then, but I said: 'Mr. North is everythin' that's right,' and she smiled as if she was happy."

Joe tried to plant a surreptitious kiss on Midge's averted face, managing to get as close as her left ear, and the lovers parted.

THE DAY of the picnic found a boisterous gathering at the "Bar—J" ranch, ready to start out for Jackson's Hole, a place some ten miles distant, located in the heart of a rocky gorge. Jessica had decided upon the spot for the "picnic," and her decision had been influenced by an impulsive desire to know what sort of a horseman Teddy North would prove to be.

She admitted to herself that she liked him. There had been moments during the past week when she had thought of her good-looking neighbor with something like a thrill of happiness at his nearness to her. Somehow she felt safer, more secure with the knowledge that within calling distance, in case of emergency, was a man who, by tradition and breeding was a gentleman. She had wondered more than once if it could be possible that North was, as the cowboys had called him, "a tenderfoot dude," or, if so, must he necessarily be lacking in courage and strength?

Ross tries to intimidate the dapper Teddy North with but poor success.

News of Teddy's fight with Ross and the outcome, had reached her ears, retailed with much unction by Monty, the cowboy cook, who had it straight from Colorado Pete. She was ashamed of herself at the pleasure the recital had given her.

Added to the instinctive dislike every woman has for masculine weakness, was the scorn which the West breeds for the molly-coddle.

It pleased Jessica to learn that Teddy North, for all his patronage of the haberdasher, was still a man of courage and chivalry.

NOW, AS North reined his horse up to the wide veranda and swung himself from the saddle, a broad smile lighting his boyish face, she regretted that she had insisted upon the arduous trip to Jackson's Hole for their picnic party.

There was nothing of the dude about North's appearance this morning. Attired like any other cowboy, in khaki, red bandana, wide sombrero and tucked-in-boots trousers, Teddy looked fit for any emergency of the plains.

But it was too late now to change their plans. Several members of the picnic party were already loping down the road, well ahead.

In front of them two burros, laden with provisions, picked their slow, sure-footed way. Colorado Pete, resplendent in a lurid plaid shirt, topped by a huge red and yellow bandana tied about his neck, chaps scrubbed to a snowy whiteness, was riding between the two girls from the "O—T" ranch—Laura and Cora Brent. Pete was oblivious to all but their banter.

Jessica, waiting patiently for Weston to make his appearance, was joined by Teddy North, Joe Bender and Midge, but after several minutes' more waiting, Weston's voice called from an upper window: "Don't wait for me. I'm sick. Can't make the trip today. I'll stay at home and help Sandy look after the ranch."

"I'll stay with you——" Jessica began, but Weston stopped her.

"Get out! All of you! I want to be alone!" he snarled.

A flush overspread Jessica's fair face. She bit her lips to keep back the tears of resentment. Wheeling her horse, she started down the long stretch at a gallop, the others following her lead.

Fred was not sick. She was perfectly certain of that. He wanted to go to town to drink and to flirt with Molly, that was all. His attentions to the proprietress of the Little Totem Bar and Restaurant was making Ross surly.

As they overtook the group of picnicers, Jessica watched Ross out of the corner of her eye. As she had suspected, Ross was furious when he learned that Weston had not joined the party. Murder and hatred smouldered in his narrowed eyes, and an involuntary shudder shook her sensitive frame.

AS THE cavalcade wound its way up the trail leading to the gorge, Jessica caught a momentary glimpse of the homestead house of the "Bar—J" ranch. Sure enough, the "flivver" stood in front of the porch steps, and, as she paused for a moment on the crest of a rocky point, she saw Weston get into the car and steam off in the direction of Red Gulch.

North had seen it, too, and so had Joe Bender, but neither of them betrayed their knowledge to Jessica.

Joe and Midge urged their horses forward to join the others. Teddy stuck close by Jessica's side, his frank blue eyes darkened by the somberness of his thoughts.

If she were only free so that he might cherish and protect and love this beautiful girl as she deserved to be loved and cared for.

Suddenly he leaned forward and touched her soft white hand as it lay listlessly on the pommel of her saddle. Their horses were making their way slowly, and the others had rounded the curve of the upper trail, far ahead.

"I—I—what is wrong with your life, Jes—Mrs. Weston?" Teddy stammered, and then with sudden tenseness as his hand closed over hers in a tightened pressure, "I wish I could make you happier," he finished.

A sudden change of mood came over Jessica and gripped her. She laughed gaily, but there was a sob in her throat. She gave her horse the rein. "I am going to take the upper trail. You'd better not come. It isn't for 'tenderfeet,' you know," she called back to North.

"Come back—come back. Mrs. Weston—Jessica—come back!" Teddy cried frantically. But Jessica sped on, her mocking laugh flung back to him. "You don't dare to follow me!" she cried tauntingly.

Teddy knew that the upper trail was impassable. Would she, in her present reckless mood, attempt to cross the narrow ledge of rock that was the only way of reaching the lower level from the upper trail?

With a groan he threw himself from the saddle and ran stumbling to her aid. Too late! Black Dolly, wild with excitement and fear, reared, standing almost erect. Suddenly she plunged forward, her nose touching the shelving rock that lined the deep gorge.

Jessica gave a little scream of terror and fell. Frozen with horror, North saw her slim young body disappear over the cliff, her hands clutching frantically at the edge of the crumbling rock

(Continued next week)

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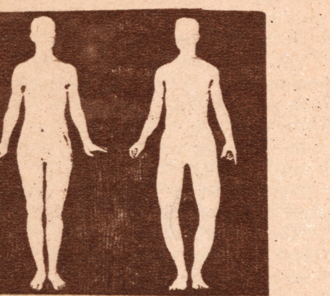

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Should Sex be on the Screen?

(*Continued from page* 3)

not believe in showing sex on the screen. Without sex there would *be* no screen.

"It is simply a matter of what you mean when you say 'sex.' If you mean the 'silken drama' type of story that glorifies illicit sex, hints at glamorous seductions and portrays the wages of sin as dress rather than death—no.

"Nor do I believe in innuendo, in half-veiled suggestion. What cannot be treated of wholly and frankly should not be treated of at all. I do not believe in suggestiveness that leaves to the immature minds that form a percentage of screen audiences, the delicate and dangerous task of rounding out the hint but half-conveyed.

YOUNG passion is beautiful and should be unashamed. I believe in showing it on the screen. I believe in scenes of passionate love-making when they are consistent with the story that is to be told. I do not believe in omitting them as though they are shameful. Nor do I believe in dragging them in willy-nilly if they are not necessary to the telling of a true-to-life story. In many drab lives sex has become a colorless, unlovely thing. And perhaps the transitory, reverently handled glimpse of fresh young passion may revive some of the beauty that has become tarnished and forlorn.

"Simply to *tell the truth*—that is all. And when we tell the truth, in books, in pictures, we cannot omit sex which is life itself, its essence and a part of all of its manifestations.

Is Flapper Capable of Love?

(*Continued from page* 9)

"I told Rex Ingram I played in 'The Four Horsemen,'" he laughed, "and Rex would hardly believe me. He wanted to know why he didn't see me."

Of course that would have been the nice fictional happy ending! The lowly extra who caught the director's eye and became famous overnight, and all that sort of thing, but the truth is usually far different. And in Ramon's case it was! He was still an also-ran in the mob scenes until Ferdinand Earle saw him and thought he had great possibilities. The tide had turned for Ramon. He was given a part in "Omar Khayyam," though no one has had a chance to see him in that, because its release has been tied up by a lot of lawsuits. And then Rex Ingram gave him a part in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and then in "Trifling Women," until now Ramon is becoming almost as popular as—I was about to say Valentino, but I won't! Here's why:

"I wish you would tell the fans," said Ramon, "that I am not Valentino's successor, as so many people have said about me. I want to have a personality of my own. I do not want to be imitating someone else."

"Tell me," I said eagerly, "do you get any thrill out of making love on the screen, or is it all too impersonal?"

"Oh, I don't see how you could make love successfully on the screen if you were impersonal about it. If you don't put any feeling into a love scene, there won't be any there in the picture."

"Then it must make a great deal of difference whether or not you like your leading lady?" I said.

"Of course it does. I don't mean that I need to play with a leading lady I'm in love with, but it must be someone who is attractive to me if I am to play a love scene successfully with her."

Ramon's eye were quite lit up. Obviously he was talking on a subject interesting to him.

"You like girls!" I decided suddenly.

"I do," he admitted. "I think women are wonderful—flappers, all kinds of women. To me anything they do is wonderful. There are some things I cannot forgive a man for doing, but I can forgive a woman anything."

"Is it because you think she doesn't know any better?" I asked in alarm.

"Oh, no, not that," Ramon hastened to explain. "But I have such a feeling of tenderness toward all women that I can forgive them anything. No matter how bad a woman might be, there is always a streak of goodness and tenderness underneath. I think all women are wonderful."

"Well," I said in parting—you don't mind saying this to Ramon because he's not in the slightest danger of getting the "swell head," "they all think the same about you!"

Does Success Destroy Romance?

(*Continued from page* 11)

Garden," "The Great Adventure," "The Face in the Fog."

"Each of these were widely different, each as significant as anything I have ever done on the stage."

There are many things that must be taken for granted when you are talking to a Barrymore. First, personalities are barred, principally because, as Lionel Barrymore said, the public should only be interested in him as an artist. "If I were an architect, an engineer, a painter," he explains, "the public would only be interested in my buildings, or my bridges, or my painting. It is not true, however, that screen fans are any worse than any other sort of fans when it comes to mulling over personalities. The stage actor suffers from the same curiosity."

It is therefore all the more surprising that you should hear this aristocrat of actors affirm that he has chosen the screen because he believes in the screen.

"More than anything else," he says, "I would rather have you tell the public that I believe the screen has just as great opportunities for the actor as the stage, just as many fine parts, and just as large a scope. More than anything else, I'd rather talk about the studio. I have watched the motion picture grow from a toy to an art. And I am going on with it into the future."

I Always Like the Villain

(*Continued from page* 21)

sion; Lowell Sherman, a villain for a girl's heart if there ever was one. He looks like you couldn't believe a *word* he said. And Lon Chaney is more kinds of a villain than any other—but there, I mustn't bore you."

"You are not boring us," we said. "Quite the contrary, you are instructing and amusing us."

"My girl friends all think I'm silly," she confided in us, "but if you are in the movie business, I know you will appreciate what I mean—about the lain you know."

"Of course we appreciate what you say," we assured her, as we started to go. There was only one piece of fudge left and we still had time to eat it. "For years and years past, we have frequently wondered why it was that we didn't get all "het up" over some of the film plays we saw. Now we know the answer. We were backing the wrong man to win.

"Hereafter," we added, standing in the doorway and flourishing our derby, "hereafter the hero can go hang. We place our bets on the villain!"

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

Fay Compton, a blonde English beauty, plays this role, and Constance Binney is the daughter, who discovers that she dare not marry and have children because there is this strain of insanity in the family.

The production is beautifully staged, with some garden scenes that are magnificent. It seems in rather doubtful taste to show the physical process of a man's going insane, though, of course, it adds reality to the story. "A Bill of Divorcement" should claim your interest, partly because it is so unusual.

Will Doug, Mary and Charlie Quit Screen?

(*Continued from page* 8)

laurels. For if the Big Three do half as well in the directing business as they do in the movies, they will make all top-notch directors step on the gas.

Now, again, Fairbanks owns a tremendous studio out west and it is empty half of the year. He only goes in for a smashing big production every now and then, consequently the lights are dark in the glass-roofed building for six months at a clip. Why not produce? Why not use the vacant studio?

These are some of the questions which have, perhaps, prompted the old table hurdler to decide in favor of directing and making films.

Personally, I hope the old studio will burn down, or that there won't be any megaphones left, or that something awful will happen to keep these three in the pictures. How do you feel, fans? Do you want to lose your little sweetheart, or Doug, and Charlie?

Well then, write 'em and tell 'em to change their minds.

Are Men Enemies of Women?

(*Continued from page* 7)

fun of me or sneering at me. And as soon as the French learn that you are an American, they boost their prices and shout 'Hands up!'

"Perhaps my mood made me fail to enjoy myself as much as I should have. Now I would like to go back, but the finest thing I saw in my trip was the Statue of Liberty when the boat entered New York harbor.

Alma Rubens is a California girl. She comes from San Francisco, and "Every time I get a fan letter from San Francisco I read it with especial interest and answer it first of all." In those days, Alma Rubens was a school girl; she went to the Classay Movie Theatre every afternoon, and she thought that Paul Panzer's serials were the greatest ever.

"But now I am crazy about New York. I'd rather live here than in any city in the world . . ." Which makes Alma Rubens unique, the first Californian in the history of the Golden State to refuse to admit that California is the greatest spot on earth.

"But to come back to the subject we started to talk about: California, Paris, New York, it's always the same. Women's greatest enemies are men, but doggone it—they can't keep away from them!"

"Little Old New York Goes Into the Movies"

(*Continued from page* 12)

to the number of about 70. Mr. Trimble declares he will adhere closely to the remarkable and popular London story, and believes he will have one of the greatest pictures of outdoor life, with the dog Strongheart as the star, the screen has ever seen.

An added attraction to Strongheart in "White Fang," will be a new leading lady, as it were. This will be Lady Julie, a beautiful and intelligent police dog, which Miss Murfin and Mr. Trimble are said to have purchased for $8,000.

I'm Saving My Pennies

Continued from page 10)

before they really get the habit fixed, as you might say."

"One way of saving," continued Miss Binney, "is to buy something really worth while—something one needs, and yet it should be within one's means.

The little lady triumphantly opened a long lavendar-upholstered jeweller's box and took out a slender string of beautifully matched, perfectly graduated, pearls. They had the loveliest rose lights in them I've ever seen. I gasped my admiration outright—completely forgetting Hoyle, the Book of Etiquette and everything.

"Oh-h-h! They're exquisite!" I cried.

"I love them myself," confessed Constance, and added thoughtfully, "of course, they're not very showy, but I'm going to keep adding to them——"

"And some day," I interrupted, "when the papers announce that 'the bride's only ornament was a rope of pearls,' I, at least, will know that they were *not* 'the gift of the groom.'"

"Well," laughed Miss Binney, "not to change the subject or anything, but why not remind the fans of the good old adage, 'Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves.'"

Will Long Dresses Reform Modern Dancing?

(*Continued from page* 19)

thing to do with long skirts. Jazz has made dancing what it is. But at that, I believe most dancers dance purely for the joy of it. The evil is in the minds of the onlookers. Neither one of us will wear a skirt that is longer than six inches from the floor, unless it is necessary for a picture."

Said Claire Windsor, who is one of the most graceful ballroom dancers in the film colony:

"I don't like the long skirts to dance in at all. I don't know about how they affect dancing, but I know how they affect me. They annoy me very much. I had one on last night. I tore the lace, and all I could think of was how greatly it impeded my movements. Long skirts will certainly put a quietus on dancing, unless women insist on putting the ban on the skirts."

Says Walter Hiers on the subject of long dresses and their effect on dancing:

"The girl that wears long dresses will find herself sitting out all the dances except the waltzes!"

Gloria Swanson says that the long dresses will temper the jazz craze and will make the slow, graceful waltz come back into favor.

Mary Pickford favors the *long dresses*. But then, Mary doesn't dance. She wouldn't say her friends, except with her husband, and Doug Fairbanks doesn't dance.

Why miss half the fun in life?

Everyone admires and wants to dance with the person who knows the latest steps. There is no need of being a wallflower. Arthur Murray, America's foremost dancing teacher, has perfected a wonderful new method by which you can learn any of the newest steps in a few minutes and all of the dances in a short time.

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Send for the lessons on approval. Keep the course for five days. Practice all of the steps, learn everything these sixteen lessons teach you and prove to your full satisfaction that you have found the quickest, easiest and most delightful way to learn to dance. Then, within 5 days, if you desire, you may return the course and your dollar will be promptly returned to you. But if you decide to keep the course—as you surely will—it becomes your personal property without further payments of any kind.

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Never before has any gray hair restorer brought such splendid results as can now be had through usage of the Tru-Tone Comb. All you need do is run this marvelous invention through your hair just as you would an ordinary comb. The Tru-Tone Comb is so scientifically constructed that it holds just the right quantity of the marvelous liquid Tru-Tone, so that each hair gets its proper share. Here at last is a method of regaining the *natural* color of your hair—without streaks.

It Cannot Streak

Up to now, the best known method of restoring gray hair was by dipping an ordinary comb in the liquid and applying it to the hair. But this method had one serious disadvantage.

The teeth of an ordinary comb will hold only a very small quantity of liquid. Frequent dipping of the comb was necessary, and this meant unequal distribution of the liquid on the hair. That is why this method almost always resulted in unsightly streaks and uneven shades. And, surely, nothing will more quickly spoil one's whole appearance than freakish-looking hair.

But how different is this marvelous new invention! It completely does away with even the *slightest chance* of streaking the hair. It is called the Tru-Tone Comb, and is constructed on certain scientific principles which permit the comb to hold exactly the right quantity of the marvelous liquid Tru-Tone, and uniformly distribute it on the hair.

Tru-Tone is a clear, colorless liquid, which actually repigmentizes gray hair. Already Tru-Tone has been used by thousand of people with splendid results—but when it is used with the wonderful Tru-Tone Comb even better results are secured.

No More Gray Hair!

As you draw this remarkable comb through your hair each hair is given an even share of Tru-Tone. There is no danger of applying too much or too little. Each and every hair gets exactly the right quantity—and the result is beautiful hair, possessing the same even color of youth.

You will be amazed to see how really beautiful your hair becomes. And it will look so *natural* that even your dearest friends will not suspect that you have done anything to restore your hair.

$10,000 Guarantee!

No matter how long you have been gray—no matter how many other methods have failed to restore the color to your hair—the marvelous Tru-Tone outfit is positively guaranteed to restore every hair to its true original color without streaks—without bother—without the slightest inconvenience on your part. A special deposit of $10,000 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia backs up this guarantee, so you risk nothing. If the Tru-Tone outfit does not more than delight you, simply return it and your money will be instantly refunded, without question.

Special Introductory Offer

For a very few days we are making a very unusual introductory offer. If you act at once, mailing the coupon below, we will send you the valuable Tru-Tone Comb, absolutely free, and a $3.00 package of Tru-Tone, all for the amazingly low price of only $1.85. Send no money in advance. Just mail the coupon, and pay the postman on arrival. Remember—you don't risk a penny, for if not more than delighted with results, your money will be instantly refunded. So act at once. Mail the coupon now.

DOMINO HOUSE
PHILA. PA.

SEND NO MONEY

Domino House, Dept. TC-402,
269 So. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Without money in advance you may send me a Tru-Tone Comb and a full size package of Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman only $1.85 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. My money is to be refunded if I am not entirely satisfied with results.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

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LILA LEE

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WHY SEX SHOULD BE ON THE SCREEN

MOVIE WEEKLY

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